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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL MEETING

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Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania

FEBRUARY 13, 1907

ABRAHAM LINCOLN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

MARCH 4, 1861, TO APRIL 15, 1865

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin (La Rue) Co., Kentucky

Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

Enrolled by Special Resolution April 16, 1865

"The Education of Abraham Lincoln"

COMPANION JAMES A. WORDEN, D. D.

"With Lincoln to Gettysburg, 1863"

COMPANION HENRY C. COCHRANE

"Lincoln under Fire"

COMPANION J. P. S. GOBIN

"When and Where I Saw Lincoln"

COMPANION O. C. BOSBYSHELL

"Lincoln in Parable"

COMPANION JAMES W. LATTA

"With Malice toward None; with Charity for All"

COMPANION M. VEALE

"Lincoln and the People"

COMMANDER JAMES A. BEAVER

"But without foreign intervention, and as long as Abraham Lincoln held the reins of power at the North, the Confederacy would have gone on losing ground; and time at last, coupled with an empty treasury, would have brought the inevitable result. Against the great military genius of certain of the Southern leaders Fate opposed the unbroken resolution and passionate devotion to the Union, which he worshipped, of the great Northern President. As long as he lived, and ruled the people of the North, there could be no turning back. The preservation of the Union was a sacred charge committed to his care, and though he yielded up his life before the surrender of all the Confederate forces in the field, yet he had lived long enough to see his work crowned with abiding success. He knew that the end had come with the surrender of Lee and his army. The Union was restored, the future of the United States assured, and in that knowledge he passed to his rest."

THE EDUCATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

What were the forces which elevated Abraham Lincoln into his unique position in history and the hearts of men? What drew forth (educated) in him a sagacity and statesmanship which finally, under God, solved the problem of our Nation's slavery or freedom? Whence came that influence which Lincoln wielded which welded as the heart of one man the loyal North in its struggle for union and liberty? What processes of life evolved that enduring strength of will which bore this nation through our Civil War? What made him the mightiest among the lowly, and the lowliest among the mighty, and the incarnation of unselfish devotion to country? What gave him that transcendent character which made Abraham Lincoln

“Greatest yet with least pretense
Foremost leader of his time,
Rich in saving common sense
And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.”

What university did the Educator of the Universe choose for the training of His elect son? Not a Harvard or a Princeton nor a Yale, not even a Miami or a Hanover or a Wabash. Not any literary centre, classic shade, academic grove or guarded cloister with its scientific culture or philosophic thought. Sometimes,

“God’s school is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And of all things on earth
Least like what men agree to praise.”

“There is a Divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.”

This divinity selected rough experiences in which to shape the soul of Abraham Lincoln.

The first school in which we may say his infancy was rocked, all his primary instructions received, was the log cabin of *Poverty*. The Saviour of the world was born in a lowly condition. How Bethlehem’s cave mocks all the nurseries of imperial Rome! So the saviour of our country. Better though harder than riches poverty wrought into Lincoln’s vitality virtues untold—courage to face and to bear scanty living—sympathy with the poor and the suffering, who constitute the majority of mankind. Poverty made Lincoln the foe of oppression and the deliverer of the oppressed.

This divinity chose as the secondary school *frontier life in the West*.

Being a western man I have observed and almost experienced how rough its hewings were. They were far unlike the picturesque slang descriptions of Bret Hart *et id omne genus*. The reality included the first removes from the primitive savagery of the neighborhood of Indians, impenetrable forests, impassable swamps, bridgeless creeks and rivers, roadless trails and thickets.

JAMES AVERY WORDEN.

Private 74th Ohio Infantry October 14, 1861; Sergeant December 30, 1861; First Sergeant November 17, 1862; discharged to accept promotion February 24, 1863.

Second Lieutenant 74th Ohio Infantry February 25, 1863; resigned and honorably discharged May 21, 1863.

These were the outward symbols of life hardened and toughened in the pioneers of the Northwest. These environments, rough hew them as they would, were shaped by the divinity into the boy Lincoln's self-control, power to endure, fortitude, independence, modest manliness, and made him as a youth long jawed, strong clawed and sufficiently thick skinned to meet the thorns and briars of life.

Lincoln was early promoted into the High School of *Work*. For years and years he labored with his hands to help support himself and his home folks. Does it not unavoidably recall how the Divine Man of Nazareth toiled to support his blessed mother Mary? Form a mental picture of the favorite scholar of the divinity. It will be a plain realistic photograph of a Kentucky farmer boy, dissolving into that of the woodchopper, the railsplitter of the woods of Indiana and Illinois. There has recently been discovered a remarkable saying of the Christ, not contained in the New Testament. The Saviour says:

"Raise the stone and thou shalt find me,
Cleave the wood and there I am."

Lincoln found God and greatness in honest work.

All these years, however, like another still greater one, Lincoln enjoyed a love, a care, a companionship which in itself was better than a so-called liberal education. Americans will forever honor the memory of Lincoln's noble, lovely mother, and that of his second mother, less lovely perhaps, but equally faithful.

Time would fail us to examine Lincoln's library, chiefly remarkable for its fewness of books. Even this had the educational value of compelling him to do his own thinking, instead of being surfeited with the thoughts of other men.

We must now pay our highest tribute to that noble profession which literally and liberally trained our great War President. Lincoln faithfully studied and practiced *Law*. What higher, better discipline can be found for the human spirit?

We would utterly fail to appreciate Lincoln's intellectual abilities were we not to realize that within the limitations of his state he was a great lawyer.

Then came the training of politics. Lincoln knew nothing of that Pharisaic contempt so often affected by the kid glove dilettante of to-day for political activity. He threw himself with true whole heart into the political conflicts of his county and his state. For many years he labored as a legislator of Illinois. For two years he served as a member of Congress at Washington.

Then came the crowded hours of the glorious strife of the Debate of 1858, with Senator Stephen A. Douglas, in which a candid, impartial world gave the first prize to Abraham Lincoln.

As that debate closed and as the great Convention at Chicago nominated him for President, as his fellow citizens elected him, that same divinity which had shaped his ends from the beginning placed in his hands the diploma of the University of Life, and Providence sent forth Abraham Lincoln, the best educated, the best equipped man for the best mission—the preventing of the government by the people, of the people, and for the people from perishing from off the face of the earth.

WITH LINCOLN TO GETTYSBURG, 1863.

I was a Lieutenant of Marines stationed at the Headquarters of the Marine Corps in Washington in November, 1863, when I received an order to accompany the Marine Band to Gettysburg to take part in the ceremonies attending the dedication of the National Cemetery at that place. Accordingly, on the morning of the 18th of November, we proceeded to the old Baltimore & Ohio railroad depot, near the Capitol, and there found a special train of cars waiting to receive President Lincoln and his party. The locomotive was decorated with flags and streamers and presented a gala appearance. Among the party were the French Minister, M. Mercier, and Admiral Renaud, of the French Navy; the Italian Minister, Chevalier Bertinatti, and his Secretary of Legation, Signor Cora, the Chevalier Isola and Lieutenant Martinez, of the Italian Navy; Mr. McDougall, of the Canadian Ministry; Secretary of State Wm. H. Seward, Postmaster-General Montgomery Blair, Secretary of the Interior Judge John P. Usher, private secretaries John S. Nicolay and John Hay, Provost Marshal General James B. Fry, Colonel Geo. W. Burton, Captain Alan Ramsay, U. S. M. C., and an escort from the First Regiment of the Invalid Corps.

The last car was a kind of president's or director's car with about one-third of the rear partitioned off into a room with the seats around it, and in this room I found myself seated vis-a-vis to the President. The rest of the car was furnished in the usual manner. I happened to have bought a New York *Herald* before leaving and, observing that Mr. Lincoln was without a paper, offered it to him. He took it and thanked me, saying "I like to see what they say about us," meaning himself and the generals in the field. The news that morning was not particularly exciting, being about Burnside at Knoxville, Sherman at Chattanooga, and Meade on the Rapidan, all, however, expecting trouble. He read for a little while and then began to laugh at some wild guesses of the paper about pending movements. He laughed very heartily and it was pleasant to see his sad face lighted up. He was looking very badly at that particular time, being sallow, sunken-eyed, thin, care-worn and very quiet. After a while he returned the paper and began to talk, remarking among other things that when he had first passed over that road on his way to Congress in 1847 he noticed square-rigged vessels up the Patapsco river as far as the Relay House, and now there seemed to be only small craft.

Secretary Seward, who was in charge of the party, began to get uneasy as we approached Baltimore, for it was the first time that Mr. Lincoln had been north of Washington since he had gone there in the night of February 22, 1861, two years and nine months previously. There was something of the same fear of attack or assassination which had prevailed upon that occasion, for Baltimore was still the home of many sympathizers with rebellion. Upon reaching

HENRY CLAY COCHRANE.

Acting Master's Mate U. S. Navy September 7, 1861; resigned and honorably discharged May 20, 1863.

Second Lieutenant U. S. Marine Corps March 10, 1863; First Lieutenant August 20, 1865; Captain March 16, 1879; Major February 1, 1898; Lieut.-Colonel March 3, 1899; Colonel January 11, 1900; Brig.-General March 10, 1905; retired March 10, 1905.

the western edge of the city the locomotive was detached and the cars were dragged by tandem teams of horses to Calvert Street Station, where we took the Northern Central Railroad. In passing through the streets all was quiet, and at the station less than two hundred people were assembled, among them some women with children in arms. They called for the President and Mr. Seward came into the car, and he agreed to go out when the train was about ready to start. This he did and took two or three of the babies up and kissed them, which greatly pleased their mothers. At Baltimore General Schenck, who then commanded that district, and his staff joined us, and soon after the President went forward in the car and seated himself with a party of choice spirits, among whom was Mayor Frederick W. Lincoln of Boston, not a kinsman. They told stories for an hour or so, Mr. Lincoln taking his turn and enjoying it very much. Then, when approaching Hanover Junction, he arose and said: "Gentlemen, this is all very pleasant, but the people will expect me to say something to them to-morrow, and I must give the matter some thought." He then returned to the rear room of the car. I mention this circumstance particularly because of the different versions given by his many biographers of the history of the preparation of his famous address delivered the next day. By some, you may remember, it is claimed that he wrote it on the train upon a piece of wrapping paper, by another upon a piece of pasteboard, by another that it was written in Gettysburg on a yellow government envelope, by another that it was written in the house of David Wills, with writing materials which he asked to have sent to his room after retiring, and by others that it was done in Washington. My own belief is that the first nineteen lines were written in Washington and the remainder on the train and in Gettysburg. Lincoln said to Noah Brooks, one of his historians, before leaving Washington, "My speech is all blocked out. It is very short." The first sheet of the manuscript bore the heading "Executive Mansion," and those nineteen lines written upon it were never materially changed, the rest bore evidence of having been written and re-written many times, and was even changed in the delivery upon the platform. The version sent by the Associated Press and published in the papers of the 20th of November seems to me to be much better than that which he subsequently revised in thirteen different respects.

At Hanover Junction, 46 miles from Baltimore, we were to meet a special train which left Harrisburg at 1.30 P. M., containing Governors Curtin of Pennsylvania, Seymour of New York, Tod of Ohio, Governor-elect Brough and Ex-Governor Dennison of Ohio, Governor Boren and Ex-Governor Pierpont of West Virginia, Simon Cameron, Clement C. Barclay, Generals Doubleday, Stoneman and Stahl and others, but it was detained by an accident and we continued on to Gettysburg, where we arrived about sundown and were surprised to find some of the wounded of the battle still in hospital. The President became the guest of Mr. David Wills, Mr. Seward went to Mr. Harper's, and General Fry, Colonel Burton, Captain Ramsay and I went to one of the hotels. Gettysburg was crowded and it was said that hundreds slept on the floors. That night the President, Mr. Seward and Colonel John W. Forney were serenaded by the 5th N. Y. Artillery Band, and a reception was held at Mr. Wills'. About 11 o'clock the train with the belated governors arrived.

Next morning we were up early to find a beautiful Indian summer day.

The town was all agog and people pouring in from the surrounding country. Before ten we were in the saddle and assembled at the public square for the grand military and civic procession. Mr. Lincoln was mounted upon a young and beautiful chestnut bay horse, the largest in the Cumberland Valley, and his towering figure surmounted by a high silk hat made the rest of us look small. Mr. Seward and Mr. Blair rode upon his right and Judge Usher and Marshal Lamon on his left. In the next rank there were six horses ridden by General Fry, Colonel Burton, John G. Nicolay, John Hay, Captain Ramsay and myself. Of those eleven I believe that I am the only survivor. I had a mischievous brute and it required much attention to keep him from getting out of line to browse on the tail of the President's horse. The streets, sidewalks, steps, windows and doors were crowded with eager-eyed spectators, and flags, many of them at half-mast, were everywhere. The procession started with Major-General D. N. Couch at the head of the military, about 1,200 men, of whom the 5th N. Y. Heavy Artillery were the chief part. Next came the Presidential party, then the Hon. Edward Everett, orator of the day, and the chaplain, Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Stockton, of Washington. The President rode very easily, bowing occasionally to right or left, but it soon became evident that Mr. Seward was not much of a rider. As he went along his trousers gradually worked up, revealing the tops of his home-made gray socks, of which he was entirely unconscious.

We passed along Baltimore Street to the Emmitsburg Road, minute guns being fired, then by way of the Taneytown Road to the cemetery, where the military formed in line to salute the President at about eleven o'clock. The stand which had been erected was not very large and was soon well filled. Mr. Lincoln sat between Mr. Seward and Mr. Everett, and I was given a seat about six or seven feet distant from them. The military arranged themselves mainly upon the left of the stand, the civilian element in front, and the ladies on the right. There was a vast assemblage of people, estimated at 10,000, men, women and children, many of whom were of course out of the range of hearing, and many of whom were unavoidably tramping on the newly-made graves. When the President appeared on the stand nearly every hat in the throng was removed.

By this time Governor Coburn of Maine, Governor Parker of New Jersey, Governor Bradford of Maryland, and Governor Morton of Indiana had joined the dignitaries, and several flags and banners suitably draped were brought upon the stand. The scene presented that fine morning was one of great grandeur. A full view of the battlefield, with the Blue Mountains in the distance, was spread out before us, and all about were traces of the fierce conflict. Rifle pits, cut and scarred trees, broken fences, pieces of artillery wagons and harness, scraps of blue and gray clothing, bent canteens, abandoned knapsacks, belts, cartridge boxes, shoes and caps, were still to be seen on nearly every side—a great showing for relic hunters.

After the performance of a funeral dirge by the band, an eloquent though rather long prayer was delivered by the Chaplain of the U. S. Senate, Dr. Stockton. This was followed by music by the Marine Band and then Mr. Everett delivered the oration. It was an exceedingly long production, beginning with the custom of the ancient Greeks of burying their dead heroes with public ceremony, continuing with a full history of the campaign of which

Gettysburg was the culmination, giving a picture of the result had the battle been a failure; a statement that the Rebellion had been planned for thirty years before it came to pass,* and an essay upon national affairs, which consumed two full hours. Notwithstanding the fame of the speaker the audience became tired and impatient. Mr. Everett apparently regarded the occasion as one of the most notable of his life, and had written and rehearsed every word of that long address. His periods were polished, his diction graceful, and his language classical, but his great effort is forgotten.

The Baltimore Glee Club then sang an ode written for the occasion by Commissioner B. B. French, of Washington, and Lincoln arose. He was dressed as usual in a black frock coat with turned down shirt collar, and held in his hand only two or three sheets of paper. He began in a slow, solemn and deliberate manner, emphasizing nearly every word, and in two minutes sat down. To the surprise of his auditors the address which has become of world renown was finished. Its full import was not comprehended and it was received with faint applause. Lincoln thought that he had scored a failure, and it was not for weeks afterward that it began to dawn upon the minds of his countrymen that in his simple wisdom and eloquence something had been said which would live forever.

Another dirge and the benediction by the Rev. Dr. H. L. Baugher succeeded, and then, at 2 P. M., the assemblage was dismissed. The program had been carried out successfully, and the first event of the kind probably since those held by the great race of men who originated free government was accomplished. That afternoon Lincoln walked arm in arm to the Presbyterian Church with John Burns, the heroic old man of Gettysburg, who figured in the three days' fight, and that evening we left on the return trip to Washington.

*Dr. D. Hayes Agnew has told me since this was written that he saw during the war in the residence of Barnwell Rhett, of Beaufort, S. C., the minutes of a society of prominent Southern men which had been in existence for thirty years, and which had for its object the disruption of the Federal Union.

LINCOLN UNDER FIRE.

General Jubal Early in his account of his operations in front of Washington, D. C., on the 11th and 12th of July, 1864, says that on the afternoon of the 11th he rode ahead of the infantry and arrived in front of Fort Stevens, on the Seveuth St. Pike, a short time after noon, when he discovered that the works were but feebly manned. He ordered Rhodes's Division into line as rapidly as possible, instructing him to throw out skirmishers and move into the works quickly. That before Rhodes's Division could be brought up he saw a cloud of dust in the rear of the works towards Washington, and soon a column of the enemy filed into them on the right and left. Skirmishers were thrown out in front, and an artillery fire opened on them from a number of batteries. "This defeated our hopes of getting possession of the works by surprise, and it became necessary to reconnoiter. This reconnaissance consumed the balance of the day."

He further states that after a conference he determined to make an assault on the works at daylight the next morning. During the night he received a dispatch from General Bradley Johnson that two corps had arrived from General Grant's army. As soon as it was light enough to see, he rode to the front and found the parapet lined with troops.

This, with its explanations as to why he was not more successful in capturing Washington, is his report of that most important engagement. Not altogether accurate as to details, it is the entire account of an engagement that might have been exceedingly serious in the prosecution of the war, and which brought Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, under the actual fire of the enemy in their attack upon Fort Stevens, July 12th, 1864.

Fort Stevens was an earthwork in a line of fortifications built for the defense of Washington. It was a strong earthwork, and apparently easily protected. The guns were mounted en-barbette and were all of heavy calibre.

The 19th Army Corps, after its return from the Red River expedition, encamped around New Orleans, and was refitted and reorganized, as was generally supposed, for a campaign against Mobile, Ala. On July 4th orders were received to embark on board transports at once, and one vessel after another sailed down the Mississippi with sealed orders to be opened when outside the bar. The steamer McClellan, with the only Pennsylvania regiment (47th Penna. Infantry) in the Corps, started July 5th and proceeded on its way, confident that the destination was Mobile Bay. Upon orders being opened the consternation was great when it was discovered we were bound for the Army of the Potomac.

JOHN PETER SHINDEL GOBIN.

First Lieutenant 11th Penna. Infantry April 23, 1861; honorably discharged July 31, 1861.

Captain 47th Penna. Infantry September 2, 1861; Major August 20, 1864; Lieut.-Colonel November 4, 1864; Colonel January 3, 1865; honorably mustered out December 25, 1865.

Brevetted Brig.-General U. S. Volunteers March 13, 1865, "for faithful and meritorious services during the war."

Brig.-General U. S. Volunteers June 9, 1898; honorably discharged February 28, 1899.

Pleasant weather attended the voyage, and we entered Hampton Roads, Va., on the afternoon of the 11th. Before dropping anchor, orders were received to proceed to Washington. No news of any kind was gathered, and we moved on, reaching Washington some time in the morning of the 12th.

We landed at the Navy Yard, were met by an officer with instructions to move out at once, leaving a detail to look after baggage and horses. Up the avenue and out Seventh St. we at once proceeded, and at intervals were met by handsomely uniformed officers, who urged us to hurry up double quick.

Officers and men moving along discussed the cause of all this, but with no intimation of trouble or information or instructions of what was needed until we heard the sound of artillery and later of musketry.

There appeared to be no unusual commotion in Washington—few people on the streets—nothing to indicate the presence of an enemy, until the sound of firing was heard. The day was very hot, the column marched along until Fort Stevens was reached, when, to the great surprise of every one, it was evident that a fight was going on at the front. We halted, and then began the inquiry, "What's up? Are those Johnnies? Where's Grant?"

While waiting, an officer approached and inquired what command it was. He was told, and was asked for information as to what was going on in front. He replied, you will find out, and then remarked, "Old Abe's in the Fort." This was so startling, as it was repeated from file to file, that everybody made a rush to get near enough to see him. There was no mistaking him. His tall figure and high hat made him prominent, and I think every man of the regiment had a look at him.

Our Corps badge resembled that of the 5th Corps, and to many inquiries, "Do you belong to the 5th Corps?" the answer was, "No, to the 19th." Considerable curiosity was evinced to know where the 19th Corps was from, and great surprise was expressed as to how we had gotten there from New Orleans, as it was stated, just in time.

In the meantime, numerous officers had been circulating around, various orders had been received, but nobody seemed to know what to do with us, and the regiment stood awaiting definite instructions.

At last it came, to move out to the left and deploy, move forward and connect with Bidwell's Brigade. As we came into line and moved out, a young staff officer rode down the line, shouting, "You are going into action under the eye of the President! He wants to see how you can fight." The answer was a shout and a rush. We met with but little opposition. A sparse picket line of dismounted cavalry got out of the way readily, other regiments came in on our left. We did not meet Bidwell's Brigade, but passed over their battle ground, until, after nightfall, we passed over some of the ground they had fought over, and recognized the red cross of the 1st Division, 6th Corps, as being the fighters. They had evidently been on the extreme left of the line in action. We bivouacked that night near the remains of a burnt house which was said to be Montgomery Blair's.

The fighting was virtually over before we arrived, but the camp was full of stories during the night as to what had occurred at Fort Stevens while the President was there. Evidently that fort was within the range of the artillery and the skirmishers of the Rebel Army, and it was rumored that General H. G.

Wright had positively ordered the President to get out of the range of danger after an officer had been shot by his side.

Mr. Chittenden, Register of the Treasury, in his account of it says that when he reached the Fort, he found the President, Secretary Stanton and other civilians. A young colonel of artillery, who appeared to be the officer of the day, was in great distress because the President would expose himself and paid little attention to his warnings. He was satisfied the Confederates had recognized him, for they were firing at him very hotly, and a soldier near him had just fallen with a broken thigh. He asked my advice, says Chittenden, for he said the President was in great danger. After some consultation the young officer walked to where the President was looking over the edge of the parapet and said, "Mr. President, you are standing within range of 500 Rebel rifles. Please come down to a safer place. If you do not, it will be my duty to call a file of men and make you."

"And you would do quite right, my boy," said the President, coming down at once, "you are in command of this fort. I should be the last man to set an example of disobedience." He was shown to a place where the view was less extended, but where there was almost no exposure. As Mr. Chittenden was present and speaks from personal knowledge, I assume this to be a correct statement.

I have recently seen a publication in which an officer, claiming to be on the staff of General Upton, describes the President as having halted at the side of the road, and with having been struck by a stray bullet. No mention of it is made in any of the accounts hitherto published of his presence. Certain it is, he was in the Fort and not in the road when we reached there. There were no other troops except those in the trenches and in the Fort at that time, and my recollection is that it must have been after dinner, the fight well over, as, although we went in immediately and rapidly, we had no serious casualties. Our Brig.-General came to us, as he said, as soon as he could get a horse, and halted us for the night.

One incident of the day was an exceedingly sad one to me. When the Mason & Slidell excitement occurred, General John M. Brannon commanded a brigade in Smith's Division, Army of the Potomac. That brigade consisted of the 47th Pennsylvania Infantry, 49th New York Infantry, 33d New York Infantry and the 7th Maine Infantry. Brannon was ordered to the islands in the Gulf of Mexico, and took the 47th Pennsylvania with him. The 33d New York was a two year regiment, and had been mustered out. Other regiments were added, and this now constituted Bidwell's Brigade of the 1st Division, 6th Corps. Learning that night that two regiments of old friends were near us, we hunted them up, only to find that Major Jones, of the 7th Maine, an officer whom we knew very well, had been killed and his body was at that time lying at the Silver Spring.

The synopsis is that President Lincoln was certainly under fire for some time at the attack on Fort Stevens, July 12, 1864, and in serious danger.

WHEN AND WHERE I SAW LINCOLN.

I was always interested in politics, long before I was a voter. My immediate surroundings and influences were strongly "native American." My initial presidential vote was cast in the Fall of '60, and it is very certain that I was deeply interested months before in the campaign. To have followed the leaning of those whose opinions I treasured, would have carried me into the ranks of the Bell and Everett Party, but as a young man with eyes wide open, watching the current of events, and with ears absorbing the new views sweeping over the country, I read and studied Mr. Lincoln's great speech delivered to young men in the Cooper Institute, New York City. That speech settled my views, and I became an ardent "wide awake," marching and shouting, night after night, through the valleys and over the hills and mountains of Schuylkill Co., Penna., whooping it up with all my might, with the banner of the irresistible Lincoln at the fore. That was a campaign, more like the war following it, than any of its successors, as broken heads, skinned faces and shins and bruised bodies from assaults of sticks and stones hurled by the enemy fully attested. Having carried the "wide awake" lamp through many dangers to elevate Lincoln to the Presidency, what more logical conclusion than at the first call of this great man for volunteers to resist an attempt to overthrow the Government, I should exchange my lamp for a musket and assist in the maintenance of the Government. What a stir that first call for 75,000 men made through the Nation! It reverberated amidst the mountains of my old home and before its echoes died away, over two hundred men were marching through the streets of Pottsville in response, and as many more answered from Berks, Union and Lehigh. Mustered into the United States Service as volunteer soldiers of the Republic, at the Northern Central Railway Station in Harrisburg, on the morning of the 18th of April, 1861, 530 Pennsylvanians boarded cattle cars, hastily fitted up with rough board seats, and the journey to Washington began. It is needless to recite the thrilling march through the streets of Baltimore, where disloyal crowds heaped insults upon the heads of these men and hurled sticks and stones into their ranks. Suffice it to say, as the "shades of night were falling," these First Defenders arrived at the Capital. Under cover of the darkness, no doubt purposely intended, as the journey had been needlessly delayed, the men detrained and marched into the Capitol Building, where all were quartered. These Pennsylvanians arrived in the nick of time to frustrate designs about to be carried out that very night, in the seizure by those disloyal of many of the public buildings and government offices. Our own John W. Forney spread the news of this arrival through the corridors of Willard's Hotel, and being anxious to make the most of it added an additional naught to the sum, saying 5,000 Pennsylvania soldiers had arrived, when 500 was the figure, but the mantle of night had shielded the

OLIVER CHRISTIAN BOSBVSHELL.

Private Washington Artillery (Co. H, 25th Penna. Infantry) April 18, 1861; honorably discharged July 29, 1861.
Second Lieutenant 48th Penna. Infantry October 1, 1861; First Lieutenant May 5, 1862; Captain June 2, 1862; Major June 10, 1864; honorably mustered out October 1, 1864.

arrival, so that numbers could not be known. The good old Washington Artillerists were quartered in the rooms from which the ladies' gallery of the Senate chamber was entered, and here, that same evening, April 18th, 1861, came President Abraham Lincoln, to thank the men for their prompt response to the call for troops. Imagine the scene, Companions—here were a lot of sturdy young fellows, suddenly called upon to don the uniform of soldiers, many of whom had never been out of sight of the mountains of their state, spread out upon the hard marble floors of the Capitol of the Nation, in an effort to secure some rest from the fatiguing journey just completed, when every man is brought to his feet by the announcement of the presence of the one man in the United States each one most desired to see—the honored Chieftain of the Nation, Abraham Lincoln. Profound silence for a moment resulted, broken by the hand clapping and cheers of the tired volunteers. Yes, here, towering over all in the room, was the great central figure of the war. I remember how I was impressed by the kindness of his face and awkward hanging of his arms and legs, his apparent bashfulness in the presence of these first soldiers of the Republic, and with it all a grave, rather mournful bearing in his attitude. Accompanying the President, in fact his guide and inspirer of the visit, was our own State's great citizen, Simon Cameron, Secretary of War. He was highly elated and proud to introduce Mr. Lincoln to the soldier boys of his own Commonwealth, who had outstripped all others in reaching the Capital. The President's words were few, but earnest and impressive; he welcomed them most heartily and expressed his great relief and satisfaction at their presence. He then passed along the ranks shaking the hand of each and every one of the men, retiring quietly to visit others of the command. A kind of awe seemed to come over the boys, and many for the first time realized the peril brought upon the Nation—the close contact with the man at the helm was more than the satisfaction of personal curiosity, it was a kind of baptism of responsibilities, heretofore unheeded, a revelation of a state of profound seriousness in the solving of which each one listening to the great leader's words, felt personally called upon to do his best. The man's presence, his simple charming manner, his plain earnest words, in fact his whole attitude, took away all feeling of a three months' picnic and stamped the movement with a gravity befitting the beginning of a great strife.

The sanguinary battle of Antietam had been fought, and the 9th Army Corps was encamped about the Antietam Iron Works, near the junction of the creek with the Potomac River. The President of the United States was to review McClellan's Command, and great were the preparations therefor. The President desired to visit each camp and it was noised about that he was coming. I remember well that ride through our camp—we were alongside of the 4th U. S. Battery, and here between the two camps came a long array of mounted officers and orderlies, conspicuous amidst which was the long, lank form of Mr. Lincoln, clad in sombre black, a tall beaver hat, with a broad band of crepe around it, covering his head. It was querried then, and we never found out why, that the President should have been given so small a horse to ride, his legs almost touched the ground, and riding beside so majestic a figure as General Burnside and other officers of high rank, our worthy President did not present a very dignified appearance. It is no wonder that a red headed

Irishman of the 4th U. S. Artillery, hastily summoned from his tent on the announcement of the approach of the President, should have given vent to his disgust, when he saw this uncouth figure ambling along on the diminutive beast, by the utterance of two words unfit to write, and drop back into his shelter. Eighteen months of care and worry had left its impress upon the good man's countenance. There was no mirthful twinkle in the eye and heavy lines marked the wasted features of his face. The ride and all he saw may have been interesting to Mr. Lincoln, but no outward sign was visible in the look we had of him as he passed slowly on.

In the Spring of 1864, the 9th Army Corps rendezvoused at Annapolis, Md., where a reorganization took place by reason of the veteranizing of the regiments in the command. The time came for its return to the Army of the Potomac, and on the 24th of April, 1864, the march to Washington began.

The Corps had four divisions, a division of eight large regiments of colored troops having been added to it during its recruiting stay at Annapolis, so the movement of so great a body of troops, the commands fully recruited to their maximum strength, attracted much attention around Washington, and its passage through the city was to be an event of no small importance. It became known that the President himself would review the Corps as it passed through. This caused the men to burnish up their arms and accoutrements and give themselves as fine an appearance as possible. The long and tiresome march through the city on the 25th of April tested the endurance of the command to the uttermost, and many a pair of sore feet resulted therefrom. We entered the city at New York Avenue and thence on to Fourteenth Street, adown which we wended our way over the Long Bridge into Virginia once more. On a portico on the second story of the Fourteenth Street side of the old Willard Hotel stood President Lincoln beside Major-General Burnside, the idol of the 9th Corps. I shall never forget the appearance of the President, he was much changed—three years of war had left its trace across his face. He was, if possible, thinner than ever, and stood a gaunt figure, whose raiment of black hung loosely about his bony shoulders and arms, whilst his countenance was shrunken and pale as death itself. His eyes were lustreless, and whilst apparently observing the moving troops below, they seemed not to see. It looked as though a corpse was propped up on the balcony instead of a solid flesh and blood man. The contrast between the commanding figure of Burnside was most marked, and as we gazed at the two men, sympathy profound welded forth to the great man bearing the burden of a Nation in the throes of war. It was my last look at the martyred President, and I am sure he was no ghastlier in his coffin.

LINCOLN IN PARABLE.

When all have gone who have had speech or touch with Lincoln, will he still be accepted as is Julius Caesar as of the greatest men? When the influence of that touch and that speech has been wholly removed, will Lincoln's greatness still remain? Such was the nature of inquiries recently propounded in a group of thinking men and women, more in anxiety that it might be so, than from any conviction that it would be. The inquiry has forceful answer in Mr. James Ford Rhodes' concluding paragraph to the seventh and last volume of his History of the United States. Mr. Rhodes, it will be remembered, is accredited as one of the five American writers of history who have written history with the significant scientific accuracy demanded by modern scholarship. This is Mr. Rhodes' answer to the inquiry: "The United States was a better country in 1877 than the United States was in 1850. For slavery was abolished, the doctrine of secession was dead, and Lincoln's character and fame had become a possession of the Nation." The possession is secure, the title indefeasible with all the muniments that belong to it. It is the title of conquest, a title by purchase, purchased by the blood of four hundred thousand soldier lives; a title by descent, American descent, his descent, wholly and solely an American descent. It is not a marketable title, it cannot be sold, it will not be surrendered; it cannot be transmitted by intestacy, or diverted by devise. It is greater than a fee, a fee is to him and his heirs forever and no man can be heir to a living person. The Nation can have no heirs, it will never die, it will live forever. It is rather a title by doxology, a title of kingdom, of glory, of power forever and forever until time shall be no more. Bear in mind that this National possession of the character and fame of Abraham Lincoln is no passing tribute, no mere plaudit, no resounding epitaph, but with hearing had, cause argued, proofs weighed, the decree is entered and the judgment pronounced by the gravest tribunal known to nations, the high court of scientific historic research. It is the judgment and conclusion of another generation, not of his. This conclusion bears another and unique significance that concurrent with what the country fought to gain, it was worth all a great war cost to secure as a national possession the character and fame of such a man as Lincoln.

JAMES WILLIAM LATTA.

First Lieutenant 119th Penna. Infantry September 1, 1862; Captain March 4, 1864; discharged to accept staff appointment May 19, 1864.

Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. Volunteers April 20, 1864; honorably mustered out January 20, 1866.

Brevetted Major U. S. Volunteers December 5, 1864, "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Winchester, Va., and for his habitual good conduct and deportment on all the battlefields of the campaign before Richmond, Va.;" Lieut.-Colonel April 16, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services in the cavalry battles of Ebenezer Church, Ala., and Columbus, Ga."

With close analysis and subtle discrimination it seems conclusive that there are no parables except the parables of the New Testament, but Lincoln, with his myth, his allegory, his fable, his proverb, approached them at times as near as can be anywhere found in literature.

PARABLE OF THE FRAMED TIMBERS.

In his Springfield speech on the 16th of June, 1858, before the Republican Convention that placed him in nomination for United States Senator, Lincoln in associating the incidents that led to the then prevailing conviction, that before rendering its decision in the Dred Scott case, the Supreme Court had permitted itself to be compromised by a pre-announcement, adroitly made use of the parable, partially concealing the identity of the principal figures in the drama, Douglass, Pierce, Taney and Buchanan, by using their Christian names only.

"We cannot absolutely know," said Mr. Lincoln, "that all these exact adaptations are the result of preconcert. But when we see a lot of framed timbers, different portions of which we know have been gotten together at different times and places and by different workmen—Stephen, Franklin, Roger and James, for instance—and we see these timbers joined together, and see they exactly make the frame of a house, or a mill, all the tenons and mortises exactly fitting, and all the lengths and proportions of the different pieces exactly adapted to their respective places, and not a piece too many or too few, not omitting even scaffolding—or if a single piece be lacking, we see the place in the frame exactly fitted and prepared yet to bring such piece in—in such a case we find it impossible not to believe that Stephen and Franklin and Roger and James all understood one another from the beginning and all worked upon a common plan or draft drawn up before the first blow was struck."

PARABLE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.

The Convention that assembled in Cleveland in May of 1864 and nominated John C. Fremont for President and John Cochran for Vice-President gave promise of a large attendance, estimated in the thousands. The movement was supported by men of prominence in the party dissatisfied and disappointed with the conduct of affairs, and their disaffection caused much anxiety. The fears, however, proved groundless, the estimated thousands had materialized only to the number of about four hundred. A close friend of the administration obtaining early information of these unexpected conditions hastened to the White House to impart it. Lincoln thereupon reached for his well thumbed Bible, and opening it at I Samuel XXII 2, read: "and every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them, and there were with him about four hundred men."

A distinguished member of the Philadelphia Bar, in an address on the occasion of the Franklin Bi-Centenary, alluding to the incident where in its assembled presence The French Academy of Science commanded the two philosophers, Voltaire and Franklin, to embrace each other and then hailed them as Sophocles and Solon, wisely said: "Better still might they have greeted him alone as a blended Socrates and Aristotle—literally as great as either—beneficially as to daily wants, more useful than both." And still better yet, is it that on this anniversary night as we so closely approach the

Lincoln first centenary, we are permitted to blend the genius of Franklin with the genius of Lincoln as a rich inheritance of wisdom, philosophy and patriotism beneficially bestowed by each in his respective sphere for man's betterment and the country's good.

Grant, Sherman and Sheridan are sometimes grouped as a glorious military trinity, but Lincoln was the single statesman of his day, the giant personality of his age.

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE; WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.

Our country may boast of many of her sons; point to them and say, "These have done their deeds valiantly;" nevertheless, however resplendent may have been these deeds, she still justly looks with pride to Washington, and says, "But thou excellest them all."

Grouped around this great and incomparable one are many of the favored sons of our country, of whom the united voice of the civilized world has proclaimed, "These are among the chosen sons of men." In this group stand those who by their discoveries in, and development by, science, have taken the secrets from the storehouse of nature, utilized them for the betterment and pleasure of mankind; and also those who, with pencil and brush, have taken the forms and colors of nature to refine and beautify civilization. Christianity has her representatives in this wonderful group, who, by their pleading eloquence, have pointed the world to a higher and nobler life.

How brilliantly shine forth the statesmen from the coterie of our country's great ones! We need look no further than to those who assembled in 1776 and 1783, and from their wisdom, knowledge, patriotism and courage evolved a new system of civil government, which has more nearly compassed perfection of human government than the world has ever known, or publicists, statesmen or philosophers of old ever dreamed of.

All governments of the world have sought and dreamed of glory and conquest by their armies and navies, but our country has developed great officers of army and navy who have never been defeated in finally securing the object for which they fought, and they have never fought for conquest or subjugation, but always for personal liberty and human rights.

The pages of history have been enriched and illuminated by the literature and philosophy of our great ones whose names have been written on the tablets of Fame by the judgment of the world's best critics.

But there stands forth from among all these praised and honored ones of our country one unique, peculiar and characteristic, one who comes like a prophet of old, proclaiming a higher, better and nobler freedom without limitation, except by equal and just laws, proclaiming the slave and bondsman

MOSES VEALE.

Second Lieutenant 109th Penna. Infantry February 20, 1862; Captain May 1, 1863; Major May 4, 1864; transferred to 111th Penna. Infantry March 31, 1865; honorably mustered out June 8, 1865.

Brevetted Major U. S. Volunteers March 13, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services during the recent campaign in Georgia and the Carolinas."

Awarded the "Medal of Honor" under resolution of Congress "for gallantry in action, manifesting throughout the engagement coolness, zeal, judgment and courage at the battle of Wauhatchie, Tenn., October 28, 1863."

free, the love and sympathy of whose great heart seemed to beat in harmony and unison with the will of the Divine One.

See this prophetic figure standing upon the sacred field of Gettysburg, beholding visions of his country advancing rapidly to destinies beyond the view of his own generation ; beyond, indeed, the imagination or conception of ordinary human intellect, and at the same time forecasting his own destiny and fate. In view of all this, knowing that his country's enemies would destroy this great advancing destiny, and with their hatred, malice and uncharitableness, would consign his memory to eternal infamy—in view of all this, he could utter those immortal words, "With malice toward none; with charity for all," pregnant with the spirit of that other cry which came from the Holy Mount centuries ago, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." How strange, how very strange, that any arm could have been found directed against the incarnate life of such a spirit as this! And stranger still it is that the united voice of the civilized world was not raised in execration of the cause which could produce such a result!

To illustrate the nobility, kindness and gentleness of this great heart—for to reach his ear with a story of sadness and trouble was to reach his heart, and to be compelled to refuse a favor was to give him sadness—I remember a case of the Colonel of an eastern regiment who had his wife with him a distance south of Washington, and by an accident his wife was killed. At that time no one was permitted to visit Washington without a permit from the Secretary of War. The Colonel obtained the permit and visited Washington, and went to the Secretary of War to obtain a permit to take the body of his wife to his home for burial. The Secretary refused, and the poor Colonel's heart was almost broken. He determined to apply to the President, who was staying at the Soldiers' Home. He arrived at the Soldiers' Home and saw the President, who seemed disturbed in mind by some adverse news. The Colonel made his application, and the President replied, "This is the business of the Secretary of War." "Yes, Mr. President, I have seen the Secretary, and he has refused." The President said, "Sadness is the common heritage of us all, and we must all take our share."

The Colonel, with unspeakable sadness, returned to Washington. The next morning, very early, a knock came upon his bedroom door, and there stood the President of the United States. The Colonel was amazed. The President said, "Colonel, yesterday I was harsh and unkind to you, and have been unable all night to sleep; come with me." They went to the Secretary of War, obtained the permit, and the Colonel took the body of his dear wife to the hillside of their country home for burial.

That kind and gentle soul could not rest because he thought he had done an unkindness.

Upon the arrival of Sherman's Army at Raleigh, N. C., I received an order from General Slocum to return to Savannah, Georgia, by way of New York, and forward all troops remaining in Savannah belonging to the Army of Georgia to headquarters of the Army of Georgia. On the day the steamer was to sail for Savannah, I went to the breakfast table early. A gentleman sitting at the table said to me, "The President has been assassinated!" I understood the words but could not realize the import, and asked him what he had said. He repeated it, and still I could not comprehend. I immediately left the table,

bought a newspaper, read the dispatches, and still could not believe. I went into the street and saw men standing in groups, seeming to converse in whispers. There was no great outbreak of passion or anger; his great spirit of "charity for all" seemed to pervade all loyal hearts. When the last great act came, and the head of the conspiracy was in the hands of the Government, no cry of vengeance was heard, but the spirit of the great President's words, "With malice toward none; with charity for all," found a response in all hearts throughout the land. And his spirit still hovers over our land, commanding peace, peace. And we will all, with loving hope and faith pray that when his life's fitful fever ended, and he left the bosom of his Mother Earth, he went to the arms of his Father, God.

LINCOLN AND THE PEOPLE.

A notable contribution to Lincoln literature has been made during the last year by Alonzo Rothschild in "Lincoln, Master of Men—a study in character."

Not the least interesting thing about it is the portrait frontispiece, which is evidently a reproduction of the Brady untouched negative, which is a striking and faithful likeness of the great Emancipator. The various reproductions of this untouched negative give the only adequate representation of Lincoln's personality which I have ever seen.

The book is a striking and, in many respects, picturesque presentation of the manner in which Lincoln dominated his fellow men, and of his complete mastery of those who set themselves against and attempted to dominate him. From the physical mastery of Jack Armstrong, the bully of Clary's Grove, until at his deathbed, it is said: "Among all the public men in the sorrowing company, no grief was keener than that of his iron war minister. None of them had tested, as had Edwin M. Stanton, the extraordinary resources of the stricken chief. It was fitting, therefore, that he, 'as passed the strong, heroic soul away,' should pronounce its eulogy—'There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen.' " The book recounts, in a most graphic way, how in debate at the leading tribunals, in cabinet council and in correspondence with generals on the field, he easily dominated the master minds which presumed to dispute with him the mastery, or to test the supremacy of his power. Stanton's tribute was as true as it was sincere. Why the most perfect ruler of men the world had ever seen? Because he was the perfect ruler of himself. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

The dedication of this book is significant: "To the memory of my father, John Rothschild, one of the plain people who believed in Lincoln." Why this belief of the plain people in Lincoln? Because Lincoln believed in the plain people. He was one of them. He knew them intimately and was able to interpret their thoughts, their motives, their aspirations and their aims, and had absolute faith in their integrity of purpose and in the safety and saneness of their ultimate conclusions.

Lincoln was a man of keen vision, of almost prophet's ken. He penetrated almost intuitively the thin veneer of patriotism which often covered self. He was not deceived by the wretched shams and pretexts behind which men, under the pretense of serving their country, sought to serve themselves. Probably no man who ever lived was called upon to see, in all its naked deformity, the utter selfishness of self than he, and yet, notwithstanding it all,

JAMES ADDAMS BEAVER.

First Lieutenant 2d Penna. Infantry April 21, 1861; honorably mustered out July 22, 1861.

Lieut.-Colonel 45th Penna. Infantry October 21, 1861; discharged for promotion September 4, 1862.

Colonel 148th Penna. Infantry September 8, 1862; honorably discharged for disability from wounds received in battle December 22, 1864.

Brevetted Brig.-General U. S. Volunteers August 1, 1864, "for highly meritorious and distinguished conduct throughout the campaign, particularly for valuable services at Cold Harbor while commanding a brigade."

he believed, and rightly believed, that in the main and on the average, the plain people wanted to be, intended to be, and were, right. With him, the old adage "Vox populi, vox Dei," expressed an absolute and unqualified truth. In his belief in it is to be found the motives which influenced and the power which controlled, in meeting the overwhelming responsibilities and cares, and in discharging the unparalleled duties which devolved upon him.

Master of men? Yes. Master of himself? Yes. Why master? Because he was ready to follow the only masters whom he recognized, and subjected himself to the will of those whom he regarded as his superiors, and who, so far as he was concerned, were omnipotent—Almighty God and the American people—and he saw clearly the will of the former through the voice of the latter.

Leader? Yes. Follower? Yes. Paradoxical as it may seem, he was both, but he followed at the head of the procession. This was his rightful place. How well he filled it meets more and more the recognition of the people of all classes whom he led out into the large place which we now occupy as a nation.

Lincoln, with his trained reasoning faculties, reached conclusions which were far in advance of the general thought of the people, but logical conclusions are based upon premises and with Lincoln these premises were the immutable principles of right lodged in the minds of the common people which were logically and inevitably bound to issue in the conclusions which he had already reached; hence, in thought, in speech, in the discussion of great fundamental principles, Lincoln was a radical; and yet, in administration, in the discharge of executive duties, where he was called upon to act for others, he was a conservative. Whilst he could see clearly and believe with all his heart, and could, therefore, announce bravely that a house divided against itself could not stand, and must inevitably fall, he was, nevertheless, ready, when the duty devolved upon him, to make the supreme effort to save that house, notwithstanding its divisions, and to save it, with or without the divisive elements, as might seem best at the time. There is, therefore, no necessary moral antagonism between his position in the Douglass debates and his Cooper Union speech, in assuming the former position as a theoretical statement of practical truth, and in his letter to Horace Greeley, announcing the latter, because in the one case he was expressing an individual opinion as an individual citizen leading the thought of his fellows, and, in the other, he was a sworn executive, intent only upon obeying the will of the people as he saw it. In the discussion of principles, he could be a radical of the radicals, because of his belief in the fundamental truths under discussion, and yet in administration he could be a conservative of the conservatives, because of his absolute faith in the people and his belief that in the working out of the principles the people would finally reach righteous conclusions, and in that faith he was ready to go with them only so fast and so far as they indicated their belief, by their general thought finding ultimate expression in their ballots. He could say to radicals like Greeley and Chase and Stevens, and others of like fiery temper and spirit, "Yes, you are theoretically right, but practically wrong. If I am to lead these people I must not separate myself from them. Whatever my individual thoughts may be, whatever the logical conclusions of my mind, based upon the premises which I admit to be sound and true, nevertheless I

must not separate myself from the people. If I am to lead, I must stay with the procession."

Herein, we take it, is to be found the strength of Lincoln's character as a man and his power as a ruler. The truth might be crystal clear to his keen vision, as abstract truth, and yet it was not to be put into practice until the people should come to see it in its clearness.

Oh! the patience of the man, the patience almost infinite! The patience which could wait; which, notwithstanding the clearness of his own vision, could restrain self and apparently sacrifice for the time the great principles which made for truth and righteousness, until the slow but sure thought of the people led to the point where the majority at least could unite in putting into practice the abstract truth so long held and clearly seen.

"Lincoln embodied to the mind of the people two great issues that were really only one—the preservation of the American Union and the abolition of slavery. At the root of both there lay a moral principle, and both appealed with overwhelming force to sentiment. They were so plain, so vividly defined that no sophistry could obscure them, no shrewd debater reason them away. And so, back of the supercilious politicians at the Capital were the masses of the people, their eyes fixed with pathetic faith and loyalty upon that tall, gaunt, stooping, homely man, who to their minds meant everything that makes a cause worth dying for."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL MEETING

FEBRUARY 12 1908

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Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania

FEBRUARY 12, 1908

A B R A H A M L I N C O L N

P R E S I D E N T O F T H E U N I T E D S T A T E S

M A R C H 4, 1861, T O A P R I L 15, 1865

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin (LaRue) Co., Kentucky

Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

Enrolled by Special Resolution April 16, 1865.

"My Personal Recollections of President Abraham Lincoln"

C O M P A N I O N M A J O R - G E N E R A L G R E N V I L L E M. D O D G E

C O M M A N D E R - I N - C H I E F O F T H E M I L I T A R Y O R D E R O F T H E L O Y A L L E G I O N
O F T H E U N I T E D S T A T E S

"Lincoln was an extraordinary man. He triumphed over the adverse conditions of his early years because Nature had bestowed on him high and rare powers. Superficial observers who saw his homely aspect and plain manners, and noted that his fellow townsmen, when asked why they so trusted him, answered that it was for his common sense, failed to see that his common sense was a part of his genius. What is common sense but the power of seeing the fundamentals of any practical question and of disengaging them from the accidental and transient features that may overlie these fundamentals—the power, to use a familiar expression, of getting down to bed rock? One part of this power is the faculty for perceiving what the average man will think and can be induced to do. This is what keeps the superior mind in touch with the ordinary mind, and this is perhaps why the name of "common sense" is used, because the superior mind seems in its power of comprehending others to be itself a part of the general sense of the community. All men of high practical capacity have this power. It is the first condition of success. But in men who have received a philosophical or literary education there is a tendency to embellish, for purposes of persuasion, or perhaps for their own gratification, the language in which they recommend their conclusions, or to state those conclusions in the light of large general principles, a tendency which may, unless carefully watched, carry them too high above the heads of the crowd. Lincoln, never having had such an education, spoke to the people as one of themselves."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MR. COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS:—I first met Abraham Lincoln in Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1859. I had been making a reconnaissance west of the Missouri River, and on my return to Council Bluffs stopped at the Pacific Hotel. After dinner Mr. Lincoln sought me out and engaged me in conversation about what I knew of the country west of the Missouri River, and greatly impressed me by the great interest he displayed in the work in which I was engaged, and he stated that there was nothing more important before the nation at that time than the building of a railroad to the Pacific coast. He ingeniously extracted a great deal of information from me, and I found the secrets I was holding for my employers in the East had been given to him. He had just closed his great debate with Douglas, and having bought some property in Council Bluffs, Iowa, had taken a vacation and rest by crossing the State of Missouri by rail, and had come to Council Bluffs by boat on the Missouri river to look at his property and the future prospects of that town.

The same day he addressed a large gathering of citizens of the town and surrounding country in the public square. Among others I listened to his speech, which was very able, attractive and convincing. His method of presenting his argument was very simple, and so well-defined that it was easy for anyone to comprehend it. It was his convincing methods that made him so attractive as a public speaker. I know that I left the crowd absolutely convinced that what he had said was true, and his policy on the negro question in national affairs should be adopted.

My second interview with him was in 1863. While in command at Corinth I received an order from General Grant to report to the President in Washington. As no explanation came with the order it alarmed me, as I had been arming some negroes to guard a contraband camp. In the expedition of my forces from Corinth into the heart of Mississippi, and up the valley of the Tennessee, there had followed our troops several thousand negroes without means of support. I had established a contraband camp outside of Corinth under Chaplain Alexander, and started a system of locating these negroes on abandoned plantations. I had guarded the camp with my own troops, but at that time there was objection on the part of the troops to guarding negroes,

GRENVILLE MELLEN DODGE.

Colonel 4th Iowa Infantry July 6, 1861; discharged to accept promotion April 30, 1862.

Brig.-General U. S. Volunteers March 21, 1862; Major-General June 7, 1864; resigned and honorably discharged May 30, 1866.

and several times unruly negroes had been shot at. Chaplain Alexander came to me one day and said if I would furnish him arms he would organize two companies of negroes to guard the camps, and I could detail some non-commissioned officers he knew of to act as officers of the companies. I thought this a good solution of our troubles and furnished the arms and details. This caused adverse comment and criticism, because I had no authority under the regulations for such action, and when I received this order from General Grant I was very much alarmed, and thought I was to be called to account for this action, but when I reached Washington and reported to the President I found that he had not forgotten our conversation on the Pacific Hotel steps, and had called me to consult as to the proper place for the initial point of the Union Pacific Railway, which under the law of 1862 he was to select. There was great competition from all the towns on both sides of the Missouri River for fifty miles above and below Council Bluffs, Iowa, for this initial point. I found Mr. Lincoln well posted in all the controlling reasons covering such a selection, and we went into the matter and discussed all the arguments presented by the different localities on the Missouri River. I detailed to him as fully as I could without my maps or data where, from an engineering and commercial point of view, the Union Pacific Railway should make its starting point on the Western boundary of Iowa. The physical conditions of the road both east and west of the Missouri River controlled this selection, and he finally located it where I suggested at Council Bluffs, Iowa, by two orders. The first not being sufficiently definite was supplemented by a second some months later, which reads as follows:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,

Washington, November 17, 1863.

In pursuance of the fourteenth section of the Act of Congress, entitled 'An Act to aid in the construction of a Railroad and Telegraph line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, and to secure to the Government the use of the same for postal, military and other purposes,' approved July 1, 1862, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby fix so much of the western boundary of the State of Iowa as lies between the north and south boundaries of the United States Township, within which the City of Omaha is situated, as the point from which the line of railroad and telegraph in that section shall be constructed.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

After this discussion of the location, he took up with me the question of building the road. The law of 1862 had failed to bring any capital or parties to undertake the work, and I said to him that in my opinion private enterprise could not build the road. Mr. Lincoln said the Government had its hands full and could not undertake the work, but were ready to support any company to its fullest legal extent, and amend the law so as to enable them to issue securities that would furnish the necessary funds. On leaving Mr. Lincoln, and bidding him good-bye, I never for one moment have forgotten his cordiality and the things he said to me. I came from Washington to New York and had a session with the parties then connected with the Union Pacific Railway, John A. Dix, Henry Farnam, T. S. Durant, George Francis Train, and others, and informed them of the result of my visit and what President Lincoln had said. They were greatly encouraged and immediately went to work and prepared and presented to Congress the Union Pacific bill of 1864, which was passed,

and under which the road was built in some four years, while Congress allowed ten years for its construction, and it was the faith, energy and comprehensive grasp of Lincoln of what its building meant to the United States that induced Congress to pass liberal laws, and made it possible to raise the funds to accomplish the work.

I did not see President Lincoln again until after the Atlanta campaign. While I was convalescing from wounds received at Atlanta, General Grant invited me to visit him at City Point. It was at a time when everything around Petersburg looked blue. The desertions from our army were about equal to the enlistments, and there was a general demand that Grant should move. I spent two weeks looking at the Army of the Potomac, the finest and best equipped army I ever saw. I visited all the commands of the Armies of the James and Potomac as they surrounded Petersburg and held the north side of the James River, and became acquainted with most of its army and corps commanders. Evenings we would sit around the camp fire at City Point, and General Grant in that comprehensive and conversational way he had of describing any event, when he felt at liberty to talk freely, which is shown so plainly in his Memoirs, told me of his campaign from the Wilderness to City Point, of many of his plans that failed to materialize for various reasons that he gave. After listening several evenings to the discussion of these matters I asked General Grant very innocently and naturally who was responsible for the failure of these plans, and looking at me in that humorous way which was in his disposition he replied: "That, General, has not yet been determined."

While at City Point I visited the Army of the James, then commanded by General Butler, when he attempted to break through the enemy's lines on the north side of the James, and saw the attack and failure. I was greatly impressed as I saw the troops move up to the attack, and stand so steadily, and receive the destructive fire of the enemy without taking cover. In the West, under similar conditions, our men would have gone to cover when they saw there was no possibility of carrying the works before them, but here they seemed to wait for an order, and my anxiety for them was such that I could not help expressing my surprise that they did not either charge or cover, but they stood there taking a murderous fire until the command to retire was given. In the West while they stood there our whole line would have found shelter behind trees, or buried themselves. As I was leaving City Point General Grant suggested I should call on President Lincoln as I returned to my command in the Army of the Tennessee. General Rufus Ingalls, Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac, and Major-General Burk, of the British Army, who commanded in Canada, were on the headquarters boat that took me to Washington. When I arrived I went immediately to the White House. In the ante-room I met Senator Harlan of Iowa, who took me immediately to President Lincoln. He had a room full of callers, and asked me to sit down until he disposed of the waiting crowd. I sat there and watched President Lincoln dispose of one after another, always in a kindly way. After waiting a long time I felt that, perhaps, he had disposed of me in the same way he had the others, and I took occasion to say to him that I had only called to pay my respects, and unless he desired me to wait longer, I would bid him good-bye. He immediately asked me to wait, saying he desired to see me if I had the time to spare. After the crowd had gone the doors were closed.

President Lincoln saw I was ill at ease, not knowing what I was there for or what to say, but he sat me down near his desk, and crossing his legs, took down a small book ; I think it was called the "Gospel of Peace;" anyhow, it was very humorous, and as he read some extracts from it he soon had me laughing and at my ease.

He was called to lunch and took me with him ; and then he continued the same methods he did the first time I saw him, and extracted from me all I had seen on my visit to General Grant and the Army of the Potomac, got my views, and finally drew me out until he had obtained from me an answer something like this : " You know, Mr. President, we in the West have no doubts about Grant, and, if he is given time, I have no doubt he will soon whip Lee's Army. When, or how, I confess I cannot see, but that he will I have no doubt whatever." As I said this we were leaving the table, and Lincoln brightened up, took my hand in his, and said, with great solemnity : " I am so glad to hear you say that." As I bade him good-bye, I asked him if there was anything I could do to repay his great kindness to me. He answered only : " If you don't object, I would like to have you take to your army, when you go, my kindest regards."

I was then too young to weigh and comprehend all that was said, but in after years, when I learned the great crisis pending, I saw how completely he took me into his power and extracted my innermost thoughts, and what a satisfaction it was to have me express that implicit faith in General Grant while so many were disseminating charges and denouncing his great battles as great destruction of life without proper compensation.

In after years I learned that Grant knew the conflict in Washington, and knew that if I had the opportunity I would give the President an unprejudiced view of what I saw and learned.

It was intended on my return that I should resume command of my corps and move with Sherman in his campaign from Atlanta to the sea, but I had not fully recovered from the wounds received at Atlanta, and Sherman did not think it prudent for me to attempt it, so I was assigned to the command at Vicksburg that was to move from there to the rear of Mobile, and in connection with General Canby capture that place, but I was stopped at Cairo and ordered to St. Louis. General Rosecrans was then in command of that Department, and General Price of the rebel army had made a campaign through the State of Missouri, overrunning it, and Mr. Lincoln and General Grant were both disappointed that Rosecrans did not stop him, as they considered he had sufficient forces to do so, and General Grant wrote President Lincoln asking him to relieve Rosecrans and assign me to the command, which was done. This command was a promotion to me, but was a disappointment. Missouri was torn with civil and political dissensions, and had given the President more trouble than any other State in the Union. It was half Union and half Rebel; brother against brother and father against son. The State was overrun with Guerrillas and partisan bands, and although then under partial Union government, nobody was satisfied with it. General Schofield had been in command before Rosecrans, and had pursued a very conservative policy along the line laid down by President Lincoln, but it was not satisfactory to either side, but Schofield had laid the basis for the final successful solving of the problem. However, the opposition from both parties was so strong that President Lincoln was

forced to relieve him, but in doing so complimented General Schofield highly upon his administration and promoted him to be a Major-General, but both parties in Missouri were strong enough to prevent his confirmation by the Senate. After the Senate adjourned Mr. Lincoln reappointed him, but his appointment hung fire in the Senate until after the battle of Chattanooga, when Grant, wishing an officer to relieve General Foster in East Tennessee, who was obliged to give up his command on account of his wounds, asked for General Schofield to take that command. As soon as President Lincoln received General Grant's dispatch he saw his opportunity and used it to induce the Senate to confirm Schofield, who went to the command of the Army of the Ohio, and commanded it with great ability and success until the end of the war. President Lincoln in sticking to and supporting Schofield showed that trait in his character that was so prominent of never dropping a friend he had confidence in, no matter how great the pressure upon him. He had sometimes, as he said, let go his hold, but spit on his hands and got a new and better one, which brought results.

I assumed command of the Department and Army of Missouri on December 2, 1864, and thus came again into direct communication with President Lincoln. There had been many dispatches sent to General Rosecrans to send all the troops he could spare to General Thomas, who was in a death struggle with Hood at Nashville. As soon as I assumed command I received a dispatch from General Halleck to send all the force I could spare to the support of Thomas, and he quoted a dispatch from General Grant to himself in which Grant requested him to telegraph me to send all the troops I could spare to General Thomas, and stated in his dispatch to me that General Grant says "with such an order you can be relied upon to send all that can properly go." I learned afterwards that that portion of the dispatch was added by Mr. Lincoln, who was greatly disturbed at General Thomas' position, and said it might induce me to make an extra effort to help Thomas out.

I looked the field over, and could see no reason why United States forces should be retained in that State, as there was no organized force of the enemy in it except Guerrillas and partisan bands, and the Missouri State Militia, some 10,000 in number, which were mustered into the United States service upon condition that they should not leave the State, I felt was ample to take care of it, so I sent to General Thomas every regiment in the State, even one that was not fully organized and mustered in, including two divisions of the 16th Corps, all under General A. J. Smith, making an independent force of about 15,000 men, which, as you know, was the force that turned Hood's left at the battle of Nashville, and started the complete defeat of his army.

While I was in command of this Department President Lincoln was often in communication with me. He had a very kindly feeling for the Union people of Missouri. He had imbibed it from the beginning when Blair and Lyon had saved the State from joining the Confederacy. I found the prisons at Alton and St. Louis filled with prisoners of war, and with persons and citizens who sympathized with the rebels. I wanted to send them through the lines to the south or north, out of the State of Missouri, whichever they thought best, and wrote to the War Department that it was cheaper to fight than to feed them, but Mr. Lincoln did not approve this. But when I had to make a campaign on the plains in the winter of 1864-65 I recommended that these prisoners

be allowed to enlist to fight Indians. I ascertained upon consulting them that they were anxious to do this if they were not asked to fight in the South. Mr. Lincoln approved this, and I emptied the prisons by organizing five regiments known as United States Volunteers, but called "Reconstructed Rebs," and later on under me they did gallant service, and endured hardships and sufferings that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive of. My escort in this campaign was a company of Pennsylvania cavalry.

Mr. Lincoln's letters to me as to the policy to be pursued in Missouri made me look carefully into the work and plans of General Schofield, and I followed them as far as practicable. I made up my mind not to take any part in the civil government, but to look carefully after the military, and issued some very drastic orders that brought down on my head protest after protest, and appeals to President Lincoln. When I explained to him that as long as I kept troops quartered in the towns that it was an invitation to all the discontented to make trouble, but when I withdrew my troops and made citizens responsible for feeding and harboring any rebel person or band without reporting it within twenty-four hours to the nearest United States post, the penalty being death, that the people of the State would make it impossible for these guerrilla bands to organize and roam over the State, he approved my action, and the result was peace and quiet in the State, and in January, 1865, I left the State to take care of itself, while with my troops I made the Indian campaign of that winter.

While in command of the Department of Missouri I daily saw what a kind heart Mr. Lincoln had, and how his sympathy went out to everyone in trouble, and his great desire to save life. The conflict in Missouri was a bitter, personal, revengeful one. I remember the day before President Lincoln's assassination a lady came to see me whose son was about to be executed for murder committed as a guerrilla. She had been to Washington to save him, and had seen the President. She brought me Mr. Lincoln's card, on the back of which he had written: "My dear General Dodge: Cannot you do something for this lady, who is in much trouble?" I understood the case; that, while he would not interfere, he hoped that I could see my way to do so, and he disposed of the lady in that way. The lady, in presenting the case, supposed that card alone would pardon her son, but when I told her I would consider it, she was indignant, and left, no doubt determined to report me to the President, and appeal over my head. That evening President Lincoln was assassinated; all officers holding important commands were notified in the night, so that they could prepare for the excitement that was bound to come. I was especially cautioned to prepare for trouble in Missouri. It was thought it would anger the Union men in the State, and cause an uprising and acts of revenge upon the rebel sympathizers. I brought into the City of St. Louis such troops as were near, and issued an order suspending all business, and warning both sides to remain in their houses, and prohibiting any gathering of crowds on the streets, but I found that the Southern people were more distressed at the great crime, if possible, than the Union side. The streets of St. Louis were deserted for two days, and there was nothing but sorrow exhibited on both sides. The lady called the next day and asked me for the card; said she desired to keep it as a memento, no doubt giving up all hope for her son; but I did not have it in my heart, after Lincoln's death, to carry out the order of the court, and therefore commuted the sentence to imprisonment.

When the remains of President Lincoln were brought to Springfield, Illinois, I repaired there with my troops and staff, and took part in the last sad rites to one who from the time I first knew him in 1859 until his death had been more than a friend to me, who all through my service in the war had not only said kind words to me, but had raised me to the highest rank and command in the army.

Notwithstanding the trials and criticisms of his career, to-day there is no person in the world with one word of fault to find, who knows of his acts. Even the London Punch, that criticised and ridiculed Mr. Lincoln during his administration, changed, and after his death said it was sorry and regretted its course, holding that it was a remarkable man who could indite in a car on a train on his trip to Gettysburg that remarkable tribute, so strong in English, so expressive, eloquent and sympathetic, and said that his Gettysburg speech had changed their whole course and opinion of Lincoln.

Lincoln's great ability, his pure administration, his kind but firm hand, has disarmed all criticism, and to-day no one names him but in words of respect and love, and his name the world over is coupled in the trinity Washington, Lincoln and Grant, the creators and saviours of the Union.

As President, "he was trying the case before the great jury of the people, absolutely confident that if he could state it to them truly as it was they would bring in the right verdict. He knew them and how to appeal to them not as a demagogue, but, as it were, the voice of their own enlightened judgment. He could quicken in them that sense of duty and of destiny which, once it possessed them, would prove itself invincible.

Trying the case thus before the jury of the people—at once trusting to them and guiding them—you see the sharp limitation put upon his actions. 'The man who must continually stand aside from his own executive acts in order to explain and to convince is rendered by so much less effective in purely executive work.' Hence the harsh criticism and vile abuse he had to bear from those who saw the weary war drag on and did not recognize, as Lincoln recognized, that his power was wholly delegated power. If he was to save the Union it could only be by arousing in the people 'that which could do the work for them and for him.'

He had his fixed purpose. He waited on events for his policy, going forward as a solitary hunter might who sought a quarry in a tangled underbrush. Such a hunter must proceed step by step, trusting for guidance as he advances. And so Mr. Lincoln—like another man not quite unknown to fame—watched the West, took his cue from it for his next move when he could find one; appealed for support to the plain people, not to the Congress or the masters of the market in New York when he was clear himself what the next move should be—knowing whence his power came and whither returned."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

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COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL MEETING

FEBRUARY 3 1909

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Author

1909

Brevet Lieut.-Colonel John P. Nicholson
Recorder, Compiler

Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania

FEBRUARY 3, 1909

A B R A H A M L I N C O L N

P R E S I D E N T O F T H E U N I T E D S T A T E S

M A R C H 4, 1861, T O A P R I L 15, 1865

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin (La Rue) Co., Kentucky

Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

Enrolled by Special Resolution April 16, 1865

"*Lincoln and His Veterans*"

C O M P A N I O N C H A P L A I N H E N R Y C. M C C O O K, D. D., L. L. D.

"*Lincoln Literature*"

C O M P A N I O N B R E V E T M A J O R W I L L I A M H. L A M B E R T

"At what point then is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reach us it must spring up amongst us; it cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen we must live through all time, or die by suicide.

I hope I am over wary; but if I am not, there is even now something of ill omen amongst us. I mean the increasing disregard for law which pervades the country—the growing disposition to substitute the wild and furious passions in lieu of the sober judgment of courts, and the worse than savage mobs for the executive ministers of justice. This disposition is awfully fearful in any community; and that it now exists in ours, though grating to our feelings to admit, it would be a violation of truth and an insult to our intelligence to deny. Accounts of outrages committed by mobs form the every-day news of the times. They have pervaded the country from New England to Louisiana; they are neither peculiar to the eternal snows of the former nor the burning suns of the latter; they are not the creatures of climate."

(From Lincoln's address before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Illinois, 27 January, 1837.)

LINCOLN AND HIS VETERANS

A CENTENARY ODE

Read by the Author
Companion Chaplain HENRY C. McCook, D. D.

I.

THE VETERANS AS VOLUNTEERS.

Turn back the gates of Time, ye Veteran band,
Youth of the Sixties, saviors of our Land!
List! Hear you not our Chieftain's high command
Sound down the vista of the garnered years
The Nation's war-trump on our startled ears?
Hearken the echoes! Hear those swelling cries!
See host on host, from sea to sea, arise!
With brows unwrinkled, and with undimmed eyes,
With forms unbent by age, with unflecked hair,
A Nation's force and fire embodied there!
With springing, swinging step they Southward move,
Their youthful hearts aflame with newborn love
For that dear Flag they proudly bear above.
With loyal cheers the hills and prairies ring,
And patriot songs our fathers used to sing;
With beat of bounding hearts and vocal tongues,
Marching in time to Freedom's war-born songs;
Thundr'ing their mighty cry from shore to shore:
"We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!"

II.

THE VETERANS AT LINCOLN'S BIER.

Hearken again! The tread of marching men!
As seasoned heroes see them come again!
Wher'er the Nation's Leader bade them on,
With hearts unfaltering there that host had gone.
Through rivers stained with fratricidal blood,
In fevered camp, on battled field and flood,
Till o'er the war-thinned ranks of faded blue
Their tattered Union Flags victorious flew.
And now they come, his mourning Veterans come
To bear their fallen Leader to his tomb!
With arms reversed and draped, with muffled drum,
With Flags festooned with crape and drooping low,
With downcast face, with solemn step and slow,
The joy of victory quenched in tears of woe,
Amidst the Nation's sorrowing hosts they go!

HENRY CHRISTOPHER McCOOK.

First Lieutenant 41st Illinois Infantry August 7, 1861; discharged for promotion October 1, 1861.

Chaplain 41st Illinois Infantry October 1, 1861; resigned and honorably discharged January 8, 1862.

Chaplain 2nd Penna. Infantry May 26, 1898; honorably mustered out Nov. 15, 1898.

TAPS.

Lights are out! Now to Rest!
On thy dear Native Land's loving breast
Comrade sleep, while we weep
Over thee!
Lights are out! Hero sleep,
While the Nation thine Honor will keep
Till the Angels shall sound
Reveille!

III.

THE VETERANS AT LINCOLN'S CENTENARY

Companions, Comrades, we are met once more!
The old-time summons sounds; but from the shore
Whereon the spirits of the Mighty Dead
Repose in Peace, the Leader and the Led.
A Remnant we; yet, through the parting wall
So near, so thin, we seem to hear his call
Whose fadeless Fame is the resistless thrall
That draws his Veterans, draws the Nation all!
We come—a grizzled, bowed and broken corps;
The rushing ride, the weary march, are o'er;
No more on battle-deck or battled plain
We feel the thrill of martial zeal again;
But round the hearth, or mimic camp-fire's blaze,
Or mustered where the great assembly pays
Its tribute of undying love and praise,
Live o'er with waning zest, our war-time days.
Yet, though these failing limbs wax weak and old,
One spot within our hearts shall ne'er grow cold,
Nor Honor burn with less effulgent flame—
Where reverent love records our LINCOLN'S name!

IV.

VETERANS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

And former foes, no longer foeman, come,
Their hostile passions silenced at his tomb.
His name they knew; but now they know the Man;
Large hearted, broad of mind, no partisan,
But covering in his care his erst-while foes;
Eager to ease their hurts, and soothe their woes,
War's bitter hates and cruel hurts erase,
And bind its gaping wounds with friendly peace.
So, when the winds obscuring fogs displace,
The Sun comes forth and shows his radiant face.
And now they twine with leaves of Southern palm
Our Northern laurels; and with palm to palm
In union clasped, his Memory we embalm!
Thus, North, and South, and East and West, to-day
Join in the loving Tribute that we pay.

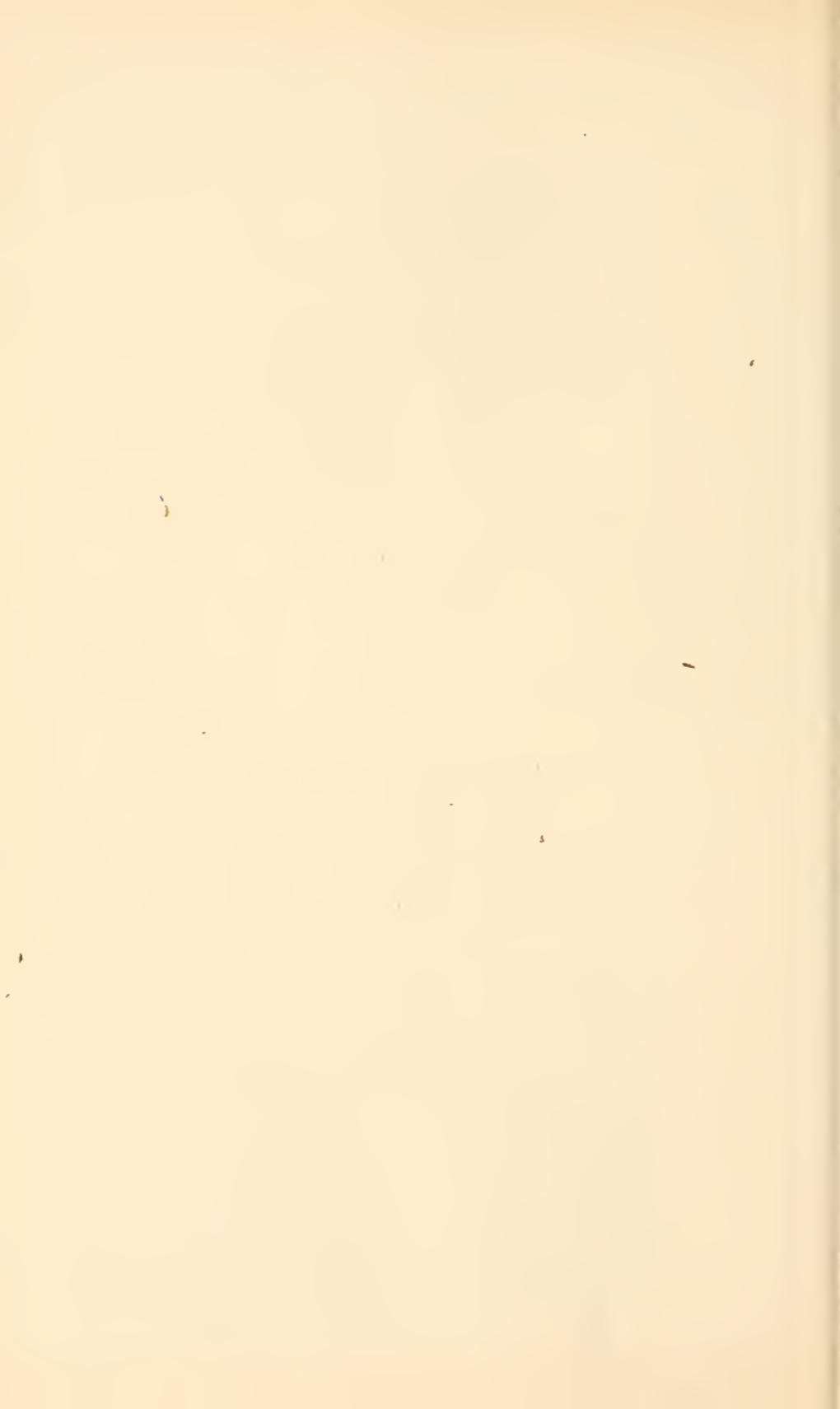
THE TRIBUTE

Child of the Forest, o'er thy natal cot
The winter winds blew through the naked groves.
Great monarchs of the wildwood, he hath got
From you that soul of primal human loves,
Simple and strong and large, type of the plan
Great Nature offers when God builds a Man!
Great frame, great aim, great soul, Great Heart, were thine,
A chosen vessel for a task divine!
Child of the Forest, Man of Destiny,
With Nature's vigor young, Heaven dowered thee
To lead the Nation's youth to victory,
And seal this land forever One and Free!

Child of the Prairies! in thy tingling veins
The vital nurture of the boundless plains,
Thy soul grew large, and ever larger grew,
And swept their vastness with still vaster view,
Till all the Brotherhood of Human-kind
Lay in the generous compass of thy mind.
The racial mark was not satanic brand,
But Nature's stamp by One Paternal Hand;
With thee, not office, wealth or social state
Were titles sole that men are truly great,
But Character—the virtuous Life and Aim,
To Manhood's highest rank the surest claim.
Child of the wide, free Plains, Heaven dowered thee
To break all yokes and set the bondsmen free!

Father of Waters, coursing many States,
Binding their shores; not shutting, opening gates,
See on your bosom broad our Hero ride,
Cleaving with stalwart arm your mighty tide!
Child of the Rivers! Heaven hath dowered thee
To seal for aye the Nation's stern decree,
The Mississippi's flood shall still run free,
Unvexed from Rocky Mountains to the Sea!

Child of the People! in his blood are mixt
The sturdiest types within our borders fixt.
Born in the South; of Puritan descent;
Reared in the West when Life, in full ferment,
Gave native forces widest, freest bent;
Nursed at a wise and faithful Mother's breast,
His boundless debt to whom he e'er confess;
Nurtured in want that spurred him to his best;
Cradled in virtues that restricted waste;
Mated in love to one whose wifehood drew
To loftiest aims; his friends both wise and true,
Good Providence, kind nature, social code,
Life's gifts were all so happily bestowed,—
And mixt so well the Elements of Man,
That they in him attained their noblest plan!
Child of the People! So let Lincoln live,—
The worthiest title Freeman may receive!
The noblest title Freemen's hearts can give!



“LINCOLN LITERATURE.”

By Companion BREVET MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT

Whether, or not, it be true, as has been asserted, that the personal literature relating to Abraham Lincoln exceeds in extent that pertaining to any other human being, it is probable that in proportion to the length of his public career the printed matter relating to him is greater in bulk than that evoked by the life and work of any statesman, or leader, who preceded him.

Lincoln's notable public service was comprised within five years, for while he had served a term in the National House of Representatives, and had been twice a candidate for election to the United States Senate, and had become famous through his great debate with Stephen A. Douglas, so little was the impression that he had made upon the political literature of the time, that his name was not included in either of the two popular biographical compilations published in 1859-60, giving sketches of the lives of the men whose names were therein mentioned as possible candidates for the Presidential nominations of their respective parties. Had Lincoln died before 1860 it is possible that his biography would have been confined to the brief paragraph in the Dictionary of Congress, published in 1859, or to its extension, in the later edition of that work, to include perhaps the facts of the Lincoln-Douglas Debates and the date of his death.

The literature then to which your attention is now asked, and which has attained such vast dimensions, is that relating to the life and services of a man who, unknown to the mass of his countrymen in 1860, completed his career within five years thereafter, having attained renown second only to Washington, who as soldier, statesman and President had served his country forty years.

It will be understood, of course, that the word literature is here used in its broadest sense as comprising books and pamphlets directly relating to Lincoln, irrespective of their literary quality, or lack of it, but not including the greater mass of printed matter relating generally to the War of the Rebellion, most or all of which might properly be included in a bibliography of him who was the Commander-in-Chief.

Many of Lincoln's early political speeches in Illinois had been printed in the local papers, some had appeared in pamphlet form, as also had at least three of his speeches in Congress, but that part of Lincoln literature that comprises his own writings may be said to have begun with the issue in book form during the spring of 1860, of the Lincoln and Douglas Debates, which publication attained prior to the National election that year a sale of about 30,000 copies.

WILLIAM HARRISON LAMBERT.

Private 15th Penna. Cavalry August 22, 1862; discharged for promotion November 24, 1862.

First Lieutenant and Adjutant 27th New Jersey Infantry November 27, 1862; honorably mustered out July 2, 1863.

First Lieutenant and Adjutant 33d New Jersey Infantry July 25, 1863; Captain January 16, 1864; honorably mustered out July 17, 1865.

Brevetted Major U. S. Volunteers March 13, 1865, “for gallant and meritorious conduct during the war.”

Awarded the “Medal of Honor” under resolution of Congress “for having offered his services to the Government after expiration of his term.”

Subsequently to this publication, and during his candidacy for the Presidency, numerous compilations of these and others of his speeches were made as parts of the many campaign lives, while during his Presidency wide circulation was given to all of his public utterances, and the number of separate issues of his letters and his speeches was very great. Full collections of these and of the earlier speeches were published during the political campaign of 1864, and immediately after his death numerous volumes appeared giving extracts from his various writings; among the earliest and best of these were "The Martyr's Monument," edited by Dr. Francis Lieber, and "The President's Words," compiled by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale. Such compilations have continued to be popular, among the later issues of similar character the volumes edited by Bliss Perry and Richard Watson Gilder and that in the "Everyman's Library" edited by the Hon. James Bryce, the British Ambassador, have especial value.

No authoritative, or complete, collection of Lincoln's works appeared until 1894, when the Century Company issued them in two volumes, edited by his former private secretaries Nicolay and Hay, as a fitting sequel to their great History of Lincoln. Recently a new edition of the works has been published by the F. D. Tandy Co., of New York, which is extended to twelve volumes by the addition of much hitherto unpublished material and by the use of larger and more generously spaced type, as well as by the inclusion of a number of eulogistic tributes. Almost simultaneously another edition, not so complete, but beautifully printed and supplemented by Schurz's essay, Choate's address and a biography by Noah Brooks, was issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons; still later an abridgment edited by Marion Mills Miller, prefaced by a life by Henry C. Whitney, and comprising nine handy volumes, appeared under the auspices of the Current Literature Co., a special feature of this edition is the omission of the purely formal documents, and the classification of the letters under the names of the recipients instead of solely chronologically as in the other editions.

The biographical literature had its beginning in the brief sketch already mentioned, which is, so far as I know, the earliest appearance of a biographical sketch of Lincoln in a book. It is especially interesting because it was based upon the material furnished by Lincoln himself, who, in answer to Lanman's request for the information requisite for the purpose of his Dictionary of Congress, wrote: "Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. Education defective. Profession, a Lawyer. Have been a Captain of Volunteers in Black Hawk War. Postmaster at a very small office. Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature, and was a member of the lower house of Congress." With the substitution of the word "limited" for "defective" and a few slight verbal changes by the compiler, this sketch was printed in the Dictionary, which was copyrighted in 1858 and bears the imprint of J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1859.

The friends of Lincoln who wanted him nominated for the Presidency, realized the importance of making the country better acquainted with him, and one of them, Jesse W. Fell, formerly of Pennsylvania, solicited the brief autobiographical sketch that was used as the basis of articles commending Lincoln, which appeared in papers of the Middle and Eastern States. Subsequently, but prior to the nomination, Lincoln on the 27th of February, 1860, delivered his great speech at the Cooper Institute in New York. This speech which was printed in full in leading New York journals made a profound impression, and was further widely circulated in pamphlet form in several editions

and in various languages, one edition being printed with special care and fully annotated by Charles C. Nott and Cephas Brainerd, of the New York bar, who were much impressed by Lincoln's thorough acquaintance with the historic facts referred to in his address.

Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency, May 18th, 1860; on the next day the New York "Tribune" contained announcements by five publishers that they "have in press and will speedily publish" lives of the new candidate of whom so much less was known than of Seward and Chase and others who had been his chief competitors. Meanwhile appeal had been made for still fuller information than that which had been imparted to Mr. Fell, and the data furnished in answer to this new request was the foundation for the several campaign lives, which, supplemented by description of Lincoln's person and his home, by copious quotations from his speeches and in some instances by imagination, attained fair proportions.

The first of these works issued was the 'Wigwam Edition' by Rudd & Carleton, New York, and was of anonymous authorship. Zeal for priority of publication apparently outweighed care for accuracy of statement, and probably accounts for the author's abbreviation of the subject's Christian name to Abram, and the assertion that his father died when the boy was six years old, and that the mother was left with several children, the facts being that the mother died when her son was nine years of age, that but two children survived her, and the father lived until 1851. Notwithstanding the author's material ignorance of the immediate family history, he boldly asserted that his hero "has Revolutionary blood in his veins, the Lincolns of Massachusetts were his progenitors, General Lincoln was of the same family," facts which were apparently unknown to Abraham himself, who said of his ancestors that "an effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families."

One of these campaign lives was written by Mr. William D. Howells and was, I believe, the first of his books to bear his name as author; recognizing the disadvantages under which the life was written the author prefaced it thus: "When one has written a hurried book one likes to dwell upon the fact that if the time had not been wanting one could have made it a great deal better. This fact is of the greatest comfort to the author, and not of the slightest consequence to anybody else. It is perfectly reasonable, therefore, that every writer should urge it. A work which seeks only to acquaint people with the personal history of a man for whom they are asked to cast their votes, and whose past ceases to concern them in proportion as his present employs them, will not be numbered with those immortal books which survive the year of their publication. It does not challenge criticism, it fulfills the end of its being if it presents facts and incidents in a manner not altogether barren of interest. It is believed that the following biographica sketch of Abraham Lincoln will be found reliable. The information upon which the narrative is based, has been derived chiefly from the remembrance of Mr. Lincoln's old friends and may therefore be considered authentic. It is hardly necessary to add that no one but the writer is responsible for his manner of treating events and men." Possibly because of this literary service the author was in 1861 appointed to the Consulate, from which resulted his charming books "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys." This was not the only campaign biography written by Mr. Howells, who in 1876 wrote a life of Rutherford B

Hayes, probably inspired to this effort, less by the success of the first, than by his personal relation to his later subject.

Mr. Howells was not the first eminent American author who wrote a "campaign life," for he had been anticipated by Hawthorne who wrote a biography of Franklin Pierce, a task probably not less difficult than Howells' first venture, and which won a much more lucrative reward in the Consulate at Liverpool.

Several of the Lives issued in 1860 were compiled by authors who with equal facility would have written the lives of any other candidates, having in other books covered widely divergent biographical subjects.

A book entitled to special mention is that by James Q. Howard, published by Follett Foster & Co., of Columbus, whose original announcement that the work had been authorized by Mr. Lincoln brought from him a letter of protest which was so effectual that when the book appeared it bore this note by the author, "The following sketch of the life of Abraham Lincoln embraces simply the material facts in his history. Fictitious embellishments to suit the varied imaginations of readers are left to be supplied by the readers themselves. For whatever the sketch contains the writer alone is responsible."

The Life that probably had the largest circulation was that published simultaneously by the New York "Tribune" and the Chicago "Press and Tribune," in compact and inexpensive form, especially adapted for campaign distribution. No author's name was given but it is known that it was written by John L. Scripps, editor of the leading Republican newspaper of Chicago, who being familiar with Illinois politics and personally acquainted with Lincoln was better equipped for the work than any of his rival biographers and his book is the best of its time. Extensive as was its circulation this pamphlet is to day by no means common, the edition with the Chicago imprint being one of the rarest of the Lincoln books of 1860.

Scripps' life was read by its subject as is shown by this characteristic story; the author had stated in his book that Lincoln in his youth read Plutarch's lives, this he did simply because as a rule almost every boy in the West, in the early days, did read Plutarch. When the advance sheets of the book reached its subject, he sent for the author and said to him: "That paragraph wherein you state I read Plutarch's lives was not true when you wrote it, for up to that moment in my life I had never seen that early contribution to human history, but I want your book, even if it is nothing more than a campaign sketch, to be faithful to the facts, and in order that that statement might be literally true, I received the book a few days ago and have just read it through." This Life has the further distinction of having been reissued in a limited edition, superbly printed upon choice paper and with tasteful binding, but unfortunately the title page is marred by the words "The first published," to which honor the book is clearly not entitled.

Probably the least familiar of these Lives, as it is the smallest, is the 32 mo. edited and published by Reuben Vose, of New York; of this ten thousand copies are stated to have been printed, and yet only one copy is known to a group of diligent collectors, and there is none in the Library of Congress.

The campaign of 1864 brought forth a new series of biographies much fuller of course than their predecessors because now, instead of telling the story of an unknown Western politician, they were narrating the history of the most powerful ruler of his day. Some of the new books were enlarged editions of earlier

works, others were entirely new, the most meritorious being that by the editor of the New York "Times," Henry J. Raymond, whose "History of the Administration of Abraham Lincoln" was well written and authoritative. Raymond was an influential and able supporter of the Administration, was familiar with its policy and himself an important factor in the politics of the time and held the responsible position of Chairman of the Republican National Committee. A later edition published after the President's death, completed the story of his career, and is I think the best history of its subject that appeared prior to the monumental work of Nicolay and Hay.

This later edition of Raymond's book contained as a supplement the anecdotes gathered by Frank B. Carpenter, the artist who painted the picture of the President and Cabinet known as the "Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation," during his sojourn in the Executive Mansion; these stories were subsequently issued in book form entitled "Six Months at the White House with Abraham Lincoln," that had large circulation and many editions. It was the forerunner of the numerous collections of Lincoln stories more or less authentic.

Orville J. Victor was the author of a little book "The Private and Public Life of Abraham Lincoln," that had immense circulation as one of the widely known "Beadle's Dime" publications.

The years of Mr. Lincoln's Presidency were prolific in publications of every variety relating to him—speeches, letters of protest and advice, satires, burlesques, song books,—the pamphlet output was stupendous.

The magazines of the time were crowded with articles about the President and the War. The "Atlantic Monthly" and the "North American Review" were easily foremost among the loyal supporters of the Administration. In the "Review" appeared a series of powerful essays by James Russell Lowell, treating of the various phases of the great conflict and more or less directly of Lincoln. The most important of these essays that on "The President's Policy," which appeared in July, 1864, is remarkable for its clear characterization of Lincoln, its appreciation of his fitness for his tremendous task and as a prophecy of his fame, that has been remarkably verified.

To Lowell it was given to see that which most of his contemporaries only saw after Lincoln's death, and whilst "Great captains with their guns and drums" were still disturbing judgment, to behold the fullness of fame which was to be that of the first American. It is interesting to know that Lincoln read this essay and without knowledge of its authorship wrote to the publisher of the "Review" modestly expressing his gratification with the article and at the same time suggesting a correction of a statement that seemed to him to have been based on misunderstanding of his purpose. Perceiving the value of this essay, the Union League of our city reprinted it as a pamphlet and gave it wide circulation. In this shape it is highly prized by collectors both for its importance as a Lincoln item and as the first separate issue of Lowell's essay.

Lincoln literature reached wide extent during his life, but was immensely increased by his death, for the publications that followed far outnumbered those that had gone before. The Nation's sorrow sought relief in outward expression and the memorial sermons, addresses, orations and poems that gave it voice were innumerable. Thousands of these tributes were reproduced in the newspapers and many found their way into pamphlets, hundreds of these are known to the bibliographers, probably hundreds more were issued, which have thus far escaped

identification. Among the more prominent of the orators and clergymen were Emerson, Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Bancroft, Beecher, Storrs, Bishop Simpson, Albert Barnes and Phillips Brooks.

Not all of the sermons were eloquent, not all are in themselves worthy of preservation, but as the spontaneous manifestation of a people's grief, they constitute a characteristic and convincing memorial of the darkest day of our history.

To many, prose seemed inadequate for expression of the prevalent sorrow and of admiration for the departed Chief, so hundreds of versified tributes found their way into print, not a few of more ambitious character came forth in pamphlet and book. Of many of these poetic tributes, their manifest sincerity was their sole claim to favor, and even that scarcely saves some from ridicule. But there were some in which both sincerity and fervor joined with poetic gift to make them adequate in their expression of grief and worthy in their tribute. Such are Stoddard's "An Horatian Ode," and Brownell's "Abraham Lincoln," while Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," and even more his "O Captain! My Captain!" and Lowell's Commemoration Ode, have attained distinction that will be imperishable.

Nor were the manifestations of sorrow and of appreciation of the greatness of Lincoln confined to our own land, for the spoken and written tributes both in prose and verse were many in England and on the Continent. The French Academy in 1867 offered a prize for the best poem on the death of Lincoln; for this there were ninety competitors, the award was made to Edouard Grenier, whose dignified and eulogistic verse is worthy of its great theme. I do not recall that it has ever been fully translated into English. Unique in its character is the poem by Tom Taylor that appeared in the number of "Punch" for May 6, 1865, apologizing for the manner in which that periodical had treated Lincoln while living, and confessing that it had utterly misjudged him and his work, asked leave to do homage to his memory.

In the wake of the eulogies came many new biographies, most of them hastily written to take advantage of the popular demand of the hour, and built upon easily accessible material. An exception to this characterization is the Life by Dr. J. G. Holland, which was the result of conscientious study and personal investigation at Springfield and elsewhere among the friends and associates of Lincoln, and was written with earnest desire to be truthful as well as sympathetic. Arnold's "Lincoln and Slavery" had value as a history of that theme, by one who had been in Congress during the War and had enjoyed Lincoln's friendship; subsequently the author wrote a more personal biography that has considerable merit.

More important than any biography which had hitherto appeared was that issued in 1872, purporting to be by Ward H. Lamon. This was the first life based upon systematic research and with access to a wide range of original material. Much that had been unknown or inaccessible to earlier writers had now become available through the persevering labors of William H. Herndon, who had been for many years Lincoln's law partner. The mass of material that he had gathered was placed at Lamon's disposal, and his work gives much fuller detail of Lincoln's early life than had been possible for others to obtain. The volume published closed with Lincoln's first Inauguration, the author intending to devote a second volume to the years 1861-65; whether or not this was written, it certainly was not published. Lamon had long been known to Lincoln, they had been associated

in a number of cases, and had been together on the law circuit; they had journeyed together to Washington in February, 1861, and one of Lincoln's first appointments was that of Lamon as Marshal of the District of Columbia. He was entrusted with special confidential duties and the association between them continued until broken by death. Lamon professed and doubtless felt a deep admiration for his Chief, so that it seems strange that this book while it reveals much of Lincoln's greatness, and the humble circumstances of his early life and the obstacles he overcame, and so enhances our esteem for the character that triumphed over adversity and untoward conditions, is, nevertheless, written in such curiously antipathetic tone as to suggest the author's dislike rather than his friendship for his subject. The anomaly is explained by the fact, not revealed by the title page, that the real author was Chauncey F. Black, son of Jeremiah S. Black, the Attorney General of Buchanan's Cabinet, political opponent of Lincoln, and though both father and son were Union men they were not in sympathy with Lincoln, the father was at times sharply critical of many of the measures of the Administration, the son later became the Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania, elected upon the Democratic ticket. Lamon procured the material from Herndon, supplemented it by his own knowledge and study, but the book that by innuendo and insinuation seems striving to belittle its hero, and fails only because of his inherent and dominating nobility of character, was not written by Lamon but by Chauncey F. Black, whose selection was due to his association with Lamon in law practice after the President's death.

Two years after the Lamon book there appeared a series of articles in "The Galaxy" magazine, published afterwards with additions in a book under the title "Lincoln and Seward," written by Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Welles was led to write because of his strong dissent from the attribution by Charles Francis Adams in his eulogy of Secretary Seward of a preponderating influence to that statesman in the conduct of affairs, and the implication that the President's part was subordinate.

From his intimate knowledge Welles was able to establish the fact that so far from being dominated, the President was preeminently the master of his Administration. Later revelations in the History of Nicolay and Hay and the assemblage of evidence by Rothschild in his "Lincoln the Master of Men," fully corroborated the allegations of the Secretary of the Navy.

The most important addition to the biographical literature of Lincoln was made by John G. Nicolay and John Hay by their "Abraham Lincoln, a History," first published in the "Century Magazine," beginning in 1886, and subsequently in ten stately volumes. The position of the authors as private secretaries to the President, their long association with him, their familiarity with events, their access to his papers, personal and political, their historic instinct and literary ability, as well as their sympathetic admiration for him, qualified them to write the monumental history of Lincoln, the mine from which all later writers must draw. Yet because the work is so largely historical and subordinates the personal side of Lincoln's life, especially prior to the Presidency, and also because of its magnitude, it is likely that it will always be a book of reference rather than one for wide and popular reading. In recognition of the demand for a more compact life, the senior author later prepared an excellent abridgment issued in a single volume.

In the "Atlantic Monthly" for 1890 Carl Schurz reviewed the great history

with such marked ability that his essay is itself of highest value. Its excellent summary of Lincoln's work, its just and discriminating appreciation of his character and its analysis of the sources of his success make this essay the best epitome of his work that has yet appeared in print. Schurz's Reminiscences recently published contain much of interest relating to Lincoln most graphically told.

Simultaneously with the publication in book form of the Nicolay and Hay History appeared "Herndon's Lincoln, The True Story of a Great Life," the joint work of Herndon, for twenty years Lincoln's friend and law partner, and of Jesse W. Weik, who put the book into shape. Later in date than Lamon, using the same material, supplemented by more recent acquisitions and written with greater sympathy and after longer and more intimate association, this work is much the more valuable. And yet it has limitations for it is needlessly minute in many of its details, attaches exaggerated importance to youthful incidents and characteristics, and with all its admiration for its subject, reveals a seeming jealousy of the popular appreciation of Lincoln, and a desire that the author's estimate should be accepted as final. Apparently Herndon failed to realize how far beyond him his old partner had gone and was unable to comprehend the height of greatness to which Lincoln had attained.

In 1896 Miss Ida M. Tarbell began a series of articles upon the early life of Lincoln that were the result of laborious effort on her part, aided by careful research among early records and newspapers by Mr. J. McCann Davis, of Springfield. Their collaboration resulted in the discovery of much that had been either generally unknown or forgotten. New light was thrown upon many incidents of Lincoln's earlier days, and positive and valuable information added to our knowledge of him. The series was continued to cover the closing years and the whole published in four well printed volumes, constituting an important biography. Miss Tarbell has since written the delightful stories, "He knew Lincoln" and "Father Abraham," which although fictitious have biographical dignity and value because of their happy characterization of the man and faithful portrayal of many of his traits.

Yet another life based upon acquaintance and research, worthy of mention, recently published is that by Henry C. Whitney, an Illinois lawyer who had been associated with Lincoln in several cases, had seen and heard him frequently, and had told the story of "Life on the Circuit" with him, a work replete with information.

Besides these there are scores of lives, many of them being well written and readable, but adding little that is new; most of them being restatements of well known facts, some indeed so presenting them as to have the force of novelty; one of the best especially for the Presidential career is that by John T. Morse, Jr., in the series of American Statesmen.

Many biographies have been published abroad, one by F. Bungener written in French, first issued in Switzerland, was translated into German, Dutch and Italian and published in the several countries; another by Joualt in French, published in Paris, translated into Spanish and published in Barcelona. There are still others in these languages, and others printed in Sweden, Denmark, Greece, Russia, two at least, Japan, three, and Hawaii.

Time will not permit the naming, even without comment, of the many volumes that bear Lincoln's name, but the titles of some may serve to indicate the variety and range covered: The Story Life, The True Life, The Every Day

Life, The Heroic Life, The Boy's Life, The Boy Lincoln, The Backwoods Boy, The Pioneer Boy and how he became President, In the Boyhood of Lincoln, The Children's Life, The Man of the People, The True Lincoln, The Real Lincoln, and Lincoln Boy and Man, this last quite recent and an excellent popular compendium.

Some authors have not been content with one or two issues, but responding presumably to popular needs have several works to their credit, among them Isaac N. Arnold has six, William M. Thayer has five different titles in English, besides translations in German and Swedish and Greek. Noah Brooks has "A Biography for Young People;" "Lincoln and the Downfall of Slavery," "Lincoln, His Youth and Early Manhood," and "Washington in Lincoln's Time." William O. Stoddard, who was one of the President's secretaries, has written "Inside the White House in War Times," "The Table Talk of Abraham Lincoln," "Lincoln at Work," "The Boy Lincoln," besides "Abraham Lincoln, The True Story of a Great Life," and the "Lives of the Presidents—Lincoln and Johnson."

Each year since Lincoln's death has witnessed the publication of tributes to his memory, mostly as commemorative addresses, some as recollections by his contemporaries, but not a few studies of phases of his character or of special episodes in his career, such are Hill's "Lincoln the Lawyer," and Bates' "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office." Each recurring birthday adds new material, and the recent celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the Lincoln and Douglas Debates in the several localities where the debates were held has brought forth many reminiscences. The Illinois State Historical Society has just issued the first of a Lincoln Series, under the editorship of Professor Edwin E. Sparks, now of our State College, a portly volume of great value devoted to the history and ana of these debates.

The approaching centenary of his birth is being preceded by a large output and during the year there will be voluminous increase of this literature.

But however eloquent the oratory past or to come, however instructive and authentic the narrative, however inspired the poet, the most precious and lasting Lincoln literature will always be that of his own writing, for despite his modest assertion to the contrary at Gettysburg, what he said there will be long remembered and with his Second Inaugural will be immortal. These, admittedly his supremest utterances, supplemented by other addresses only less important and by such eloquent and forceful letters as those to Horace Greeley, to General Hooker, to Conkling of Illinois, to Hodges of Kentucky and to the Massachusetts mother, make a vital part of literature and will be an abiding memorial to

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
BY RICHARD D. STURGEON
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT T. MCNAUL
PUBLISHED BY THE CHILDREN'S PRESS
CHICAGO

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL MEETING

FEBRUARY 15 1911

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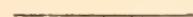


A B R A H A M L I N C O L N

P R E S I D E N T O F T H E U N I T E D S T A T E S

M A R C H 4, 1861, T O A P R I L 15, 1865

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin (La Rue) Co., Kentucky
Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Enrolled by Special Resolution April 16, 1865



"The Making of Abraham Lincoln"

C O M P A N I O N C A P T A I N J O H N R I C H A R D S B O Y L E D.D.

C H A P L A I N O F T H E C O M M A N D E R Y

The Commandery

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"THE MAKING OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

By Companion CAPTAIN JOHN RICHARDS BOYLE, D.D.

The greatest surprise of the Civil War period—perhaps the greatest surprise of our National history—was ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Two years before his election to the Presidency, Jesse W. Fell, of Bloomington, said to certain public men of the East, "We have two giants in Illinois,—Douglas, the 'little giant,' whom you all know, and LINCOLN, the real giant, whom as yet you do not know." And it was true. Mr. LINCOLN's great debate with Douglas in 1858, his subsequent lecture tour through New England, and his Cooper Union speech, had attracted public attention, and astonished many thoughtful men, but it was a fact that when he took the oath of office as Chief Magistrate of the Republic, the Nation did not really know him, and because he was so widely unknown he was, naturally enough, somewhat distrusted. At first sight he seemed an unusual and in some sense a disconcerting figure. Six feet four inches in height, loose jointed, long limbed, with great hands and feet, a narrow neck, large features, a swarthy and deeply seamed countenance, heavy dark hair, and careless in dress, he appeared to the superficial observer as only a superior type of frontier manhood. And sober minded men asked nervously: "Is such a man as this equal to our emergency? Can he guide the ship of state through the angry waters of Civil War?" In fact it scarcely seemed possible. And yet when this comparatively untried man came in contact with the most powerful minds of the Nation, and when he was confronted with the most appalling problems that ever demanded solution from an American President, he met every crisis with phenomenal calmness, ability and courage, and impressed the country and the world with his supreme genius for leadership. In the Cabinet, the brilliant and experienced Seward, who had accepted the portfolio of State, that, as one historian has said, he might be a sort of guardian or Providence to the new administration, confessed within three months that the President was the greatest man among them. Senators like Sumner acknowledged his capacity. Generals like Grant, and Sherman, and Meade, were amazed at his practical military sagacity. Congress bowed its head before his intellectual and moral sovereignty. The people awoke to an assured confidence in him. The army in the field adored him. And the foreign world recognized in him a new and commanding figure on the stage of civic life. He proved himself a revelation of personal manhood and official sufficiency. As he towered physically above other men, so he stood vitally above them, until in that crucial period of the Nation's

JOHN RICHARDS BOYLE.

Private 58th Penna. Infantry October 12, 1861; transferred to 111th Penna. Infantry January 17, 1862; discharged to accept promotion March 11, 1862.

Second Lieutenant 111th Penna. Infantry March 12, 1862; First Lieutenant May 1, 1863; First Lieutenant and Adjutant March 12, 1864; mustered out to accept promotion August 15, 1864.

Captain and Asst. Quartermaster U. S. Volunteers August 16, 1864; honorably mustered out March 20, 1866.

life, when extraordinary human power was developed on every hand, he outclassed all others, and held the centre of the stage, grandly, sublimely, and unrivaled in the majesty of his personality and influence. And so he has continued to stand through the nearly forty-six years that have succeeded his tragic death, and today his colossal and sacrificial figure transcends that of every other American statesman in the temple of our National fame.

Every effect has its adequate cause. And Mr. LINCOLN was the effect of an adequate cause, or a series of such causes. How can we account for him? How sprang this man from comparative obscurity to such sudden and unexampled eminence? Whence had he letters, never having learned? Where and how did he acquire his preparation for his brief but immortal public services? These are the questions that must be determined before we can at all understand ABRAHAM LINCOLN. And I shall therefore venture to speak to you briefly to-night of the fundamental forces and conditions that made him what he was, and trained him for his incomparable services to the country and the world.

I. HIS HEREDITARY INHERITANCE

First among these I mention his Hereditary Inheritance. Always primary in the forces that produce a man is transmitted quality. Heredity is a generic and potent factor in personality. Blood tells. Great and good men can no more be derived from base material than gold can be made from brass or clay. Ancestry counts positively in character, and therefore one of our witty essayists cautions us all to be very particular in our choice of parents. Mr. LINCOLN had no pride of ancestry himself, and because he was born of humble parents in a cabin in Hardin County, Kentucky, it has been popularly supposed that he had no lineage worth mentioning. But the precise reverse of this is the fact. ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the scion of a notable and worthy stock. His earliest American ancestor was Samuel Lincoln, who came from England with the Puritans, and settled at Hingham, Mass., about 1640. The four grandsons of this man all served with credit in the Colonial Army and Navy during the Revolutionary War. One of his great-great-grandsons, Levi Lincoln, was a Harvard graduate and filled the offices of Representative in the Massachusetts Legislature, Attorney-General of the United States, Secretary of State, and Justice of the United States Supreme Court. One of Levi Lincoln's sons was also a Harvard man, and another was a member of Congress, and a Governor of the State of Maine. The President's grandfather was a large land owner in Virginia, who removed in early life to Kentucky, where he was killed by the Indians. And this domestic tragedy alone accounted for the poverty of the President's father, who was a child of only ten years of age when his father was murdered. Had the second Abraham Lincoln lived, his son Thomas would have been a man of property and position, and the third and greatest ABRAHAM LINCOLN would not have been a squatter's child. The truth is that the pure blood of Old England and New England coursed in ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S veins. For five generations his paternal ancestors were religious, patriotic, educated, public spirited men, and the man-child that nestled in the arms of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, on February 12, 1809, was the God-appointed heir of their intellectual and moral characteristics. By the divinely ordained law of hereditary transmission there came to him from this ancestry the germinal forces of his personality. Once again a chosen liberator was born in poverty, and a king was cradled in obscurity. But the accidental conditions of his birth did not and could

not affect his person. His regnant nature was there in embryo, as the oak is in the acorn, and the divine ordination was upon it. His ancestral generations fruited in him, as the selected and cultured seed fruits in the consummate flower.

And this is the primary fact to be recognized in any logical inquiry into the personality of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

II. HIS EARLY ENVIRONMENT

The second great fact to be considered in the making of this phenomenal man is that of his Early Environment. The crude and narrow sphere in which Mr. LINCOLN passed his youth and young manhood would seem at first glance to have been positively destructive of any advantages he might have derived from heredity. When he was seven years of age his people removed from Kentucky to Southern Indiana, where he lost his good mother, and thirteen years later they migrated further to Sangamon County, Illinois. In both localities the conditions were similar. The country was new, the people were hardy pioneers, and generally illiterate, and often godless and wicked. Schools were unknown, except when some peripatetic Roman Catholic pedagogue, or an itinerant Irish teacher with a shady past, appeared, and opened a so-called place of instruction for a few weeks or months, at which "the three R's" were beaten into the pupils' heads with hickory rods or hard knuckles. There were no churches, and only occasional religious services held by some stray evangelist. Profanity, drinking, gambling and fighting were the popular vices, and the grocery store or blacksmith shop was the village point of rendezvous. Hard, heart breaking toil, relieved by unrestrained excesses, constituted the rural Western life of that day. And LINCOLN was of necessity exposed to it all. He was inured to its severe labor from his earliest childhood, and was familiar with its prevalent vices from his tenderest years. Dressed in homespun jeans, his trousers tucked into his cowhide boots, a coon skin cap upon his head, his great height and nondescript garb rendered him a unique and striking figure. He was renowned for his remarkable physical strength, even among a race of exceptionally muscular men. No young man of the vicinity could sink an axe so deeply into a log, or strike a wedge so powerfully as he. He could outleap, outrun, or outswim any of his fellows, and at wrestling he was unequaled. It is said that when he appeared at New Salem as a clerk, a crowd of young toughs forced him into a wrestling match with the local champion, who was deemed invincible. Failing to bring LINCOLN to the ground, this athlete resorted to a cowardly and desperate foul. The good-natured LINCOLN was roused to sudden fury by this infamy, and raising the man bodily from the ground he hurled him from him with such force as to wound and stun him. What a tackler he would have made upon a modern foot-ball field. And yet he was the soul of good humor, and was a universal favorite with the more quarrelsome youth who soon learned to respect and fear his mighty arm.

He possessed great physical as well as moral courage. It is related that on one occasion two men were carried away by a flood in the Sangamon River. As they floated past New Salem, they managed to obtain a handhold on a half submerged tree that had lodged on a sand-bar in midstream. LINCOLN lashed a long rope to a log nearby, and directing some of the bystanders to pay it out, he leaped upon this unsteady life-boat, paddled it to the tree, and brought the frightened, half-drowned men safely to shore. His moral courage was equally marked. He never drank. He would not gamble. He did not become addicted to the use of

profane language. He treated women with the utmost respect and delicacy, and did not shrink from defending them against rude or vulgar speech. One day in his store at New Salem a young rowdy broke into a torrent of oaths in the presence of a woman. LINCOLN quietly but earnestly rebuked him, and when the offender turned upon him with other oaths, this backwoods Knight Errant said: "I see that my admonition has done you no good, and that you must be physically persuaded, and as there is no one else to chastise you but myself, I will do it,—and I will do it now." And he carried that struggling blasphemer from the store, threw him to the ground, and rubbed smartweed in his face and eyes until he howled for mercy.

He was a welcome visitor in the homes of these pioneer women, and was not above relieving them of the care of their little children at times while they themselves struggled with their heavy housework. He was the friend especially of the mothers of the wild young men of the community. One of these he knew as "Aunt Hannah," and after he had become a practicing attorney this woman's son—LINCOLN's former antagonist in the wrestling bout—was tried for murder. LINCOLN sought out the panic-stricken mother and promised to defend her boy. This he did successfully by impeaching the testimony of the chief witness for the prosecution, causing him to swear positively that he identified the defendant near the scene and on the night of the murder by the light of a cloudless full moon, and then producing an almanac, he proved that there was no moon visible on that night.

From a child he was thoughtful and introspective,—a close observer of nature and men,—and this habit not only developed his remarkable reasoning power, it stimulated also his native genius for humor and humorous anecdote. There was a large log lying half embedded on the river bank at New Salem that was known as "Lincoln's Log." There the men of the village would gather in the evening and listen with great glee to his quaint stories. He could mimic the typical frontiersman, the negro, the auctioneer, and the preacher, and illustrate the oddities of all with irresistible effect. He became known far and near for this gift, and in later years when he traveled the large judicial district in which he practiced law, the seat of the county courts was always enlivened by his never failing fun. At the hotel in the evening or as judge and lawyers journeyed together over the tedious roads, he was always the centre of attraction. Sometimes he carried his levity into the court room, greatly to the disturbance of its decorum. The presiding judge, David Davis, who afterwards became a United States Senator from Illinois, was a man of portly frame, and was highly punctilious for the dignity of his court, but he could not resist LINCOLN's merriment. On one occasion a knot of lawyers gathered about LINCOLN, who whispered a side splitting story in their ears, that caused them to shake with laughter and drew the attention of the jury, the witnesses and the spectators to their amusement, when Judge Davis smote his desk sharply and shouted: "MR. LINCOLN, MR. LINCOLN, we cannot hold two courts here. Either your court or mine must adjourn, and I think it will be yours. Silence." And then he beckoned to one of the smiling attorneys and whispered: "What was it that LINCOLN was saying?" At another time MR. LINCOLN in delivering an official paper made an irresistibly funny remark to the clerk of the court, and that official unable to control himself, burst into a loud peal of laughter. Judge Davis nearly split the desk with his gavel, and cried: "Mr. Clerk, fine yourself \$5 for contempt of court." As soon as the incident was

forgotten in the routine business of the court, his honor called the clerk to him and murmured: "What was that funny joke of LINCOLN's that made you laugh?" And when the clerk whispered it in his ear, the judge hid his face while his huge form quivered with amusement, and as soon as he could control his voice, he said in his most judicial tones, "Mr. Clerk, since you have made a full and satisfactory explanation of your recent unseemly levity to the court, I will remit your fine."

The thought I wish to impress is that this raw, crude environment of his early life did not harm ABRAHAM LINCOLN. He was a part of these conditions, but they did not dominate him. He was superior to them, and made them wholesome and helpful to himself. They aided in developing him. The severe physical exactions of his youth were as good, or better, for him than the college gymnasium or gridiron would have been. The school of human nature in which he spent his first twenty-one years unfolded and molded his mind and conscience and heart. He dominated it all in healthful self-mastery. These conditions were a soil in which he grew. He was cleaner, brighter and greater than his surroundings. And the few thoughtful men who then knew him appreciated this fact. They saw that he was a *sui generis* in this wild garden of life, and one of them who observed him closely said one day with emphasis, "Mark my words. ABRAHAM LINCOLN will some time be the President of the United States."

III. HIS SELF CULTURE

But the greatest and most wonderful fact in the making of ABRAHAM LINCOLN was his severe and masterful self-culture. His intellectual training of himself would be pathetic were it not so heroic. He had no instructors. He never attended school for one year in all his life. He came in contact with no educated men. He worked hard for his living from his earliest childhood. And yet he educated himself in the truest sense of that term. He made pens from the quills of buzzards, and ink from poke berry juice, and laboriously practiced writing until he became one of the neatest penmen in the county. He used the back of a wooden shovel or the barn door as a slate, and practiced arithmetic upon them, with a piece of charcoal for a pencil, until, as he said, he could cipher as far as "the rule of three," and then he toiled on until he mastered the mathematical principles of surveying. His entire stock of books, when he was twenty-one years of age, consisted of the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, A Brief History of the United States, Weems' Life of Washington, and the Revised Statutes of Indiana, and he had access to no others. But he read and absorbed these volumes, and they stimulated and affected his mental life. The Bible gave him his profound faith in God, and his classic style of literary expression. Aesop tickled his sense of humorous philosophy. Bunyan's great allegory inspired his imagination. The story of the Republic and its great Father aroused his patriotism, and the statutes of his state awoke in his heart an ambition for the law. He once walked twelve miles to borrow the only copy of Kirkham's Grammar in the county, and memorized its contents within six weeks, and then, turning it about in his hands he said "So that is a science, is it? Well, I think I will-tackle another." While he kept store in New Salem he bought one day from a passing emigrant, for fifty cents, a barrel of old papers. In the bottom of it he discovered a dilapidated copy of Blackstone's Commentaries. That book was to him one of the most precious treasures of his life. It furnished his emergent mentality its precisely needed stimulus. He revelled in its magni-

ficient arguments, and wrestled with its profound principles in fascinated delight, and he determined then and there that he would be a lawyer. He studied as he followed the plow, as he rested in the noon-time shade of the trees, as he waited for customers in his store, and as he lay in his bed at night. And what was far more to the purpose, he *thought*. He developed knowing power. As he said, he could never surrender his hold on a proposition until he had mastered it. Thus, his naturally clear, penetrative, analytical mind was nourished and disciplined and strengthened, until he became a reasoning prodigy among his amazed associates.

He also practiced the art of public speech. By memorizing selections from the "Kentucky Preceptor;" by listening critically to itinerant preachers; by attending court and studying the oratory of the judges and attorneys; by visiting political assemblies and camp meetings, and analyzing the style and power of their practiced speakers, and by speaking himself, he gradually acquired the gift of public address, and became locally famous for his oratorical skill. Lucid, thoughtful, self-possessed, sincere and witty, he was soon regarded as the most popular young orator in Sangamon County. And he continued these severely studious habits throughout all his subsequent life. In after years when he met some of the most distinguished members of the American bar in court, and was astonished at their learning and power, he was not dismayed. He studied them, and felt that he could emulate them, and said to one of his friends that he was going back to Springfield "to study law." His friend said, "Why, MR. LINCOLN, you are one of the greatest lawyers in Illinois now?" "No matter," he replied, "I am going home to study law." He felt that he could learn what any other man knew, and that he could do what any other man did.

Thus he trained himself and grew. Steadily, with untiring industry, he filled and strengthened his mind, until he became full orb'd,—clothed with intellectual power and baptized with mental light, and capable of grappling any problem of thought with mature and conquering energy. Self educated,—self made,—he was at forty-five years of age an intellectual giant, even among strong men.

His moral development was equally remarkable and thorough. From his youth he was known to his associates as "HONEST ABRAHAM LINCOLN." God's eternal ethical law was enthroned in his incorruptible conscience. He was honest commercially. When he was a young merchant he found one evening that he had mistakenly given a customer six and one-half cents too little in change, and he walked that night several miles to make it good. Through the fault of his partner at New Salem, he was cruelly burdened with a business debt of fifteen hundred dollars, and he labored and denied himself for years to pay the last penny of that debt.

But this is saying but very little of his honesty. He was intellectually honest and was as immovable as a granite head-land in fidelity to his convictions of right. While he was President, certain senators once plead with him to do a much desired public act and they went so far as to hint at his political ruin if he refused. His well known reply was, "Gentlemen, I cannot see this thing as you do. You may be right, I may be wrong. But I cannot do it. But," he added, "there is one thing I can do. I can resign my office, and perhaps Mr. Hamlin may be able to meet your views."

He was ethically honest. When the Trent affair took place, and Mason and

Slidell were taken from that British ship on the high seas, by Captain Wilkes of our navy, and England demanded their surrender under threat of war; and when the whole country,—congress, newspapers and public opinion—were clamoring for their retention at any cost, MR. LINCOLN said, "We cannot rightfully hold these men. The principle of their retention is precisely that which we went to war with England in 1812 to protest against. We must give them up." And he gave them up. It was one of the most ethically courageous things an American President ever did. And the conscience of the American people will forever endorse and defend his stand.

He was magnanimously honest. When the case of a soldier who had been severely wounded in battle, but who had subsequently deserted, was brought before him, he said, "The Scriptures teach us that by the shedding of blood there is remission of sin. This man shed his blood for his country, and his sin shall be forgiven." And he spared his life. And when he thought his re-election in 1864 was uncertain he carefully wrote out a memorandum of patriotic action regarding what he conceived to be his duty to his successor. His integrity, inspired and cultivated by the humble surroundings of his early life, grew with his growth, and was flawless at every point, and in every test.

IV. HIS POLITICAL TRAINING

I had intended to speak also of MR. LINCOLN's civic training for his great public life work, but time fails me. A single hurried word must suffice. He was no political novice, when he leaped into national fame. Politics had been one of his absorbing studies from his youth. He received his first convictions concerning slavery from his perusal of the Indiana Statutes which forever forbade it in that state, but he first saw the practical spirit of that institution when he visited New Orleans in his early days in command of a flat-boat. There he saw slaves whipped and otherwise maltreated, and one day he attended a slave auction. He beheld a young mulatto girl on the block; he witnessed the personal indignities to which she was subjected, he saw her tears and heard her sobs of fear and shame, and said to his companions, "Come away, I cannot stand this," and raising his right hand heavenward, he exclaimed, "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I shall hit it hard." And on January 1, 1863, that same right hand annihilated it forever on American soil.

His political training was aided by his service in the Illinois legislature and his single term in Congress. It was advanced by his constant study of our civic conditions and his active interest in the public affairs of his state. It was still further advanced by his leadership in the establishment of the Republican Party in his State in 1854, and in his remarkable campaign for that party in 1856, when he made his overwhelming "Lost Speech" and his equally powerful political oration on the "House Divided Against Itself,"—addresses which fairly swept his audiences into a delirium of excitement, and which have never been surpassed for effect on the American rostrum. And that training was perfected in his unexampled public debates with Senator Douglas in 1858, in which he spoke altogether for twenty-one hours against one of the greatest political debaters the country has ever produced, and gave the Nation what is without doubt one of the most masterful examples of comprehensive civic intelligence, wisdom, and argument that was ever pronounced on a political platform.

And thus it came to pass that when he was called to the Presidency in

1860, he was, of all living Americans, the one man who had been the best prepared by Providence, intellectually, morally, and civilly, to guide the Nation safely through its impending struggle for life.

He grew in the Presidential office as all true men grow under great responsibilities; but the Presidency did not make ABRAHAM LINCOLN. God had done that in the strange way that I have so rapidly and imperfectly traced. The Presidency and the War of the Rebellion simply gave him his opportunity. He was ready for it. And when the hour struck, God's carefully prepared instrument was at hand.

LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

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COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL MEETING

FEBRUARY 14 1912

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Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania
FEBRUARY 14 1912

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
MARCH 4, 1861, TO APRIL 15, 1865

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin (LaRue) Co., Kentucky
Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Enrolled by Special Resolution April 16, 1865

"Lincoln and His Cabinet"

COMPANION CAPTAIN JOHN PUGH GREEN

Gift
R.W.G.Leland
JUN 22 1912

A. S. 13 Sept 12

“LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET”

BY COMPANION CAPTAIN JOHN PUGH GREEN.

In November, 1860, ABRAHAM LINCOLN was elected President of the United States. For seventy-two years since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, successive Presidents had been re-elected, had sworn to observe its provisions, had faithfully executed the laws, and peace had reigned within our borders. But with the formation of the Republican party and the election of MR. LINCOLN, a cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, had overcast the heavens, and the minds of men began to be full of visions of disaster and fraternal strife. Mr. Buchanan, the Democratic President and the representative of a party, which since the days of Thomas Jefferson, with three exceptions, had elected the Chief Executive, and largely controlled the policy of the Government, had to face conditions such as had never before existed, and to meet problems which involved the very existence of the Government and the preservation of the Union. On the very night that MR. LINCOLN was elected, the streets of Charleston rang with cheers for the Southern Confederacy. The disunion sentiment which had had its beginning in South Carolina in 1832, whilst sleeping for a number of years, had not been stifled, but had begun to dominate the feeling of the other Southern States through strong appeals to their interest and their honor; and while the views of that State were far in advance of those generally prevailing throughout the South, it was clear that her course would be a powerful lever in controlling the action of the Cotton States and, to a large extent, the Border States of the Union.

On the 10th and 12th of November, the two United States Senators from that State resigned their positions, and men showed their intense feeling when they met in the streets of Charleston, by hand-shaking and thanking God that at last their destinies were in their own hands. At the public meetings held in Charleston, the leading business men of the State and ladies of the highest social position were present; and fireworks and illuminations testified to the general joy; and while there were occasional forebodings that the future was full of peril, the general belief was that the contest would be a short one, that there would be no real attempt made to force the Southern States to remain in the Union, and that a peaceable separation would take place, under which two republics would be formed, having friendly relations, and settling by mutual agreement such questions as might arise from time to time between them.

In the “Diary from Dixie,” which covers the experiences during the War of Mrs. Chestnut, the wife of one of the resigning South Carolina Senators, one catches the gay spirit and cavalier air with which the bonds that had been in

JOHN PUGH GREEN

Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. Volunteers September 18, 1862; resigned and honorably discharged January 9, 1865.

force for nearly three-quarters of a century were to be severed; and as the regiments from the South marched by on their way to the conflict, we see the young men lightly bidding adieu to their lady-loves, gaily wearing their colors, and followed by their faithful colored body-servants, satisfied that their share in the war would be but a holiday outing, and assured of a speedy and triumphant return.

And yet, curiously enough, the personal attitude of these two men who then left their seats in the United States Senate contained the very meat and kernel of the bitter struggle, which was for four years to fill the graves with the best and bravest of both the North and the South. One of them, Senator Hammond, in a speech made in the Senate when Broderick, of California, and McKibbin and Baker were making their struggle to hold the Pacific Coast to the Union, had stigmatized the industrial classes of the North from which Broderick had sprung, as the "mud sills of society," and in that one expression had put into concrete form the feeling of the Southern Slaveholder towards the working men of our section. In that wonderful diary which gives us the inside history of the War, and the deliberations of MR. LINCOLN's Cabinet upon the great questions of the day, and which recalls so vividly the stress and strain of the great conflict, and the alternations of sorrow and joy that swept like sunshine and shadow across the field of conflict,—Mr. Welles states that, in his opinion, the Rebellion must be traced in a great degree to the diseased imagination of certain South Carolina gentlemen, who some thirty or forty years since had studied Scott's novels and fancied themselves Cavaliers, imbued with chivalry, a superior class not born to labor but to command, brave beyond mankind generally, more intellectual, more generous, more hospitable, more liberal than others. Such of their countrymen as did not own slaves and who labored with their own hands, who were mechanics, traders and tillers of the soil, were in their estimation, inferiors who would not fight, religious and would not gamble, moral and would not countenance duelling, serious and minded their own business, economical and thrifty, which really meant mean and miserly. Hence the chivalrous Carolinian affected to and did hold the Yankee in contempt. The women caught the infection—they were to be patriotic, revolutionary maidens and matrons. They admired the bold, dashing, swaggering slave master who told them he wanted to fight the Yankee but could not kick and insult him into a quarrel. And they disdained and despised the pious, plodding, persevering Yankee who would not drink and swear and fight duels. On the other hand, the Yankees and the North generally underestimated the energy and enduring qualities of the Southern people who were slave owners. It was believed they were idlers, living on the toil and labor of others, who themselves could endure no real hardships, and that the overpowering strength of the North would soon bring the struggle to a close.

The other Senator from South Carolina, Col. James Chestnut, Jr., who had many warm friends and family connections in Philadelphia, lived near Camden, South Carolina, on one of the fine old Southern plantations, where every post and pillar was entwined with yellow jessamine and the Cherokee rose; where, it is but right to say, the members of the family took a warm interest in the slaves that they owned, looking after their temporal and religious welfare, and extending cordial hospitality to the plantation missionaries who came to preach the gospel to them: and, like many other of the Southern plantation owners, so endeared

themselves to their slaves that when death came, they were borne to their graves amid the tears and lamentations of the old body-servants, whom no emancipation proclamation could swerve from their allegiance to their former masters.

It was the fortune of this gentleman to be in the front ranks of the Southern cause, first as Aid to General Beauregard, and then to Jefferson Davis, and as such to bear to Major Anderson the demand for the surrender of Ft. Sumter, the refusal of which brought on its bombardment early on the morning of April 12th, 1861, and thus welded the North—Republican and Democrat—into one party sworn to avenge the insult to the flag of our Country.

These two men, I think, may be said to fairly typify the Southern Secessionists in their contempt for free labor and their utter want of affection for the flag of the Union. It seems clear, therefore, that even without the firebrand of slavery, there was an irrepressible conflict between the two sections which might with mutual concessions have shouldered longer, but which was bound, sooner or later, to break out into flame. No real union was possible without mutual respect; and so long as the people of the two sections entertained the views already expressed, that respect could have no existence. It was also thought, with equal lack of truth, that if a war really began, the slaves in the South would break out in a servile insurrection, and that the South would have its hands more than full in subjugating the slaves and at the same time holding their ground against the Union forces.

Colonel McClure, in an interview with Jefferson Davis ten years after the War, asked him why the South had opened fire on Ft. Sumter when they had the assurance of the surrender of the garrison within three days, if no reinforcements should arrive, and when they knew it was not in the power of the National Government to reinforce Major Anderson. Davis replied that Ft. Sumter was fired on because the National Government had violated its faith with the Confederate Government; that assurances had been given that the conditions in Charleston Harbor would remain in *statu quo*; and that in violation of that understanding, notice had been served that an expedition would be sent to provision and probably reinforce the garrison. But it is no doubt equally true that throughout the entire South the extreme doctrine of States Rights had a permanent hold upon the people; and that while the state flags were looked up to with reverence, and while the Palmetto Flag of South Carolina, the Lone Star Flag of Texas and others were dear to the hearts of their communities, the South had no conception of the affection felt by the North for the Stars and Stripes, nor how its deepest feelings would be outraged by the action of South Carolina.

It must not be forgotten that up to the time of which we are speaking, the sentiment of the North had not crystallized upon any definite method of procedure. There was a pronounced feeling against coercing the States, and a profound disbelief in any set purpose of the South to break up the Union. This is reflected, not only in the editorials of Horace Greeley and the best Republican writers of the North, but in meetings and other assemblies where they were fully advised of the rebellious measures taken by the different Southern States. As against the unformed opinion of the North, we find in the South:

First—Successive ordinances of secession, under which six states had dissolved their relations with the Union before the middle of January, 1861, followed by five more up to the 24th of May;

Second—A Confederate Congress meeting at Montgomery, February 4th, 1861, which adopted a constitution on the 8th, and on the 9th elected Jefferson Davis President, and Alexander H. Stevens, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy;

Third—The seizure by the South of the forts at Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, St. Augustine, New Orleans and Baton Rouge, and of the arsenals, navy yards, arms and supplies in the entire Southern portion of the United States:

So that fully a month before the inauguration of President Lincoln, a southern government had been organized, and was in full operation in Montgomery, and performing all the functions of national authority. It is also clear that, at the time Mr. LINCOLN was inaugurated, a large portion of the regular army was unavailable for the national defence. It is necessary to bear in mind the distribution of our troops, and that they were then largely west of the Mississippi, protecting the settlers in that territory; so that it is doubtful whether six hundred soldiers could have been promptly concentrated at any one point in the East to protect a fort from seizure. How far prompt and emphatic action by President Buchanan, just before MR. LINCOLN's inauguration, might have stemmed the tide, it is of course impossible to prove; but while it might have delayed for a time the actual breaking out of hostilities, it must be clear that it would have been simply impossible for two governments to exist peaceably side by side, with no natural line of demarcation between them, with their conflicting institutions in full force, and with the constant breaking out of new issues, made even more acute by the close relations that had theretofore existed. Again it must be borne in mind that while slavery was responsible for the war, and while the South could fairly allege that the hostile or unfriendly attitude among the Northern States upon the question of returning fugitive slaves to Southern owners, was in effect notice that its property rights would not be respected, as laid down in the Federal Constitution; and while, through the predominance of the North in the National Councils, the South felt that she was being deprived of her equal rights in the territory which had been acquired through a common expenditure of blood and money;—it would have been impossible for the Rebel leaders to have continued the war for four years simply to maintain and perpetuate slavery. The great body of the Southern men were not slave owners. There were only about 90,000 slave holders in the South, of whom about eight thousand owned large plantations. The rank and file of their armies was made up largely of men who never had owned slaves and never would own them; and, therefore, there must have been deep in the Southern heart, the affection for their individual States that compelled Lee to resign his position in the old army and take up the sword in the defence of Virginia against the National Government. Nothing but a universal and intense belief in the Southern doctrine of States Rights could have kept the ragged and starving soldiers of the South in the ranks for four years against tremendous odds, until the final surrender and dissolution of their forces at Appottomax; when the men against whom the Army of the Potomac had so nobly contended, and who had proved their superb valor in the defence of a lost cause, laid down their arms to again become peaceable and lawabiding citizens of a united nation. One of the most extraordinary facts in history, too, is the fidelity shown by the slaves themselves during the entire war, knowing as they did that the victory of the North would give them their freedom; and while helpful in every way to the Union soldiers escaping from Southern prisons, and

attempting to make their way north, they remained true to their masters during the four years of conflict, tilled their fields, furnished supplies to the Southern Armies, and watched faithfully over their wives and children. It must therefore, I think, be conceded that while the extension of slavery had become a menace to the preservation of American institutions, and could not be permitted, there must have been on the part of the slave owner, a guardianship over his dependent people, a kindly care of them, and such personal relations between them as largely to minimize the unavoidable evils resulting from such an institution.

Having thus briefly sketched the conditions that existed North and South at the time of MR. LINCOLN's election, the doubtful and hesitating feeling of the North, the determined and aggressive action of the South, and the underlying fundamental differences that made a resort to arms inevitable to secure their permanent settlement: we have reached the point where MR. LINCOLN, sworn to execute the laws, had to face a situation that in its rapid and sinister development, might well have appalled the stoutest heart.

Perfectly conscious of the responsibilities which he had assumed, and with a task before him greater, as he said, than that which had rested upon Washington, he felt that it was vitally important that his Cabinet should be composed of men of experience, of high position in the councils of the Nation, and of such material as represented the differing views upon the many perplexing questions that would come up for solution. It was to this end that he chose William H. Seward, of New York, for his Secretary of State, Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, for Secretary of the Treasury, Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, for Secretary of War, Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, for Secretary of the Navy, Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, for Secretary of the Interior, Edwin P. Bates, of Missouri, for Attorney General, and Montgomery Blair, of Maryland, for Postmaster General. Four of these seven men had been candidates for the Presidential nomination, and had thus given evidence of the strong support they commanded in important sections of the country.

It was, of course, to be foreseen, as Carl Shurz puts it, that among such men as the Cabinet was composed of, frequent disagreements and controversies would break out; but that it was better for the President to have these strong and ambitious men near him, as his co-operators, than to have them as his critics in Congress; and the splendid skill with which MR. LINCOLN held together and made useful the members of this so-called "Compound Cabinet" can only be fully appreciated now that we have Mr. Welles' diary. General Washington had tried a like experiment, but could not handle Hamilton and Jefferson in double harness; whereas MR. LINCOLN succeeded in his essay. His Ministers had no idea in those days that he towered above them; to them he only seemed to have official superiority. One of them had expected to be President, another meant to be, and a third was at times almost insolent and unruly. They saw him meeting his fellow citizens, high and low, with a measure of rustic simplicity still clinging to him, unburdened by any special dignity of deportment, dealing with the great business of the State in an easy-going, unmethodical and somewhat irreverent way. Mr. Seward especially felt that he ought to rescue the direction of the affairs of the Nation from hands so negligent; and at the end of the first month submitted a memorandum to the President, in which he states that the policy of the Government should at once be determined; that the slavery question should be eliminated from the struggle about the Union; that the matter of the

maintenance of the forts and other possessions in the South should be decided with that view; that explanations shoul be demanded from Spain and France, in respect to the proposed annexation of San Domingo, and the invasion of Mexico; and also from Russia and Great Britain; that this policy should constantly be pursued and directed by somebody, and that either the President should devote himself entirely to it, or devolve it on some member of his Cabinet, whereupon all debate must end. This was practically a demand upon the President to resign his powers into the hands of the Secretary of State; and it is doubtful if any other President than MR. LINCOLN would have met the challenge as he did. But he knew that Mr. Seward was capable of rendering great service to the Country, that he was schooled in all matters connected with our relations with foreign countries, and that his abilities must be retained for the service of his administration; and therefore in his reply to Mr. Seward, he stated that if any policy was to be maintained, the President would direct it; that the domestic policy had been already laid down in his inaugural address; and that the foreign policy would be expressed in Mr. Seward's dispatches, with his, the President's, approval; and having thus firmly established his superiority, when a demand was made afterwards for Mr. Seward's resignation by a number of dissatisfied Senators, MR. LINCOLN stood valiantly by his faithful Secretary of State.

Mr. Chase never permitted himself to make any such demonstration as Mr. Seward had made. A man of superb presence, eminent ability and ardent patriotism, but with a certain outward coldness of manner, his relations with the President always remained formal; and it is doubtful whether he ever rated MR. LINCOLN'S powers at their true value.

When Mr. Cameron, after a brief term of service, retired from the Cabinet and Mr. Stanton took his place, to do all that he could towards saving the country, MR. LINCOLN'S treatment of him finally secured his friendship, and made him one of his most devoted friends. MR. LINCOLN immediately recognized his great qualities, and gave him his fullest confidence and aided him in his work to the best of his power, by kindly concession or gentle persuasion, but, when necessary, as it was on several occasions, he quietly asserted his superior authority. In spite of the criticism showered upon the make up of his Cabinet, he got perhaps more faithful and valuable service out of it than any other man who might have been chosen President.

Familiar as we all are with the central figure around whom these men were now to group themselves, may we not dwell for a moment upon the unique personality of the man who stepped into a place which had been so honorably filled by the fathers of the republic, by its greatest statesmen, its famous soldiers, and by representatives of the highest culture both from the Northern and Southern sections of our Country?

Of good quaker ancestry, but, through family misfortunes, brought up in almost absolute poverty, his life was little else than a hard struggle for existence until he came to manhood. Owning but few books, with hardly any advantages in the way of schooling, he taught himself grammar, arithmetic and surveying; and finally studied law and was admitted to the Bar at twenty-seven years of age, making Springfield, Ill., his home. That, twenty-five years thereafter, he should have been elected President of the United States, seems marvelous. But in all that time he had been fitting himself for the worthy performance of the duties that now devolved upon him. To a natural love of learning he added determination,

honesty, resourcefulness in speech and thought, self reliance, kindness, sympathy and a will power and perseverance to endure to the end. As was admirably said by Judge Rugg, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, it is only in the imagination that giants are born full armed for the ordeals of life. The elementary forces of a human being grow by exercise, harden by experience, and become strong through trial to endure the stress of storm. The capacity of our great President was nurtured and strengthened and nerved through those four and twenty years of labor at the law. He was compelled to think; logic, of necessity, became his every day companion. In such a forum, the man of strong mind, broad comprehension and clear discernment, whose intellectual processes were accurate, and whose conclusions were sound, could alone maintain a position of pre-eminence. Again, he never blunted his moral purposes for the sake of temporary gain. His life at the Bar demonstrates that there is acquirement worth more than money, attainment greater than victory, achievement loftier than success; that integrity is above riches, wisdom more than gold, and character higher than all wealth.

In Congress from 1847 to 1849 he was brought face to face with the problems growing out of slavery; and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the introduction of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in 1854, were the burning questions of the hour. In 1858 LINCOLN was formally designated by the Republican Convention of Illinois as their candidate for Senator to take Douglas' place. The two men who had often theretofore contended with each other at the hustings, became the central figures in that State; and their debates were closely followed by the whole American people, who, as Carl Shurz says, looked on, as in the old days, two armies in battle array stood still to see their champions fight out the contest between the lines in single combat. In these notable contests, one of the great elements of MR. LINCOLN'S strength was his perfect simplicity of speech. He possessed an infinite power of clear and compact statement, while the natural kindliness of his tone, softening prejudice and disarming partisan rancor, would often open to his reasoning a way into minds most unwilling to receive it. While his voice was not melodious, and his figure was ungainly and awkward, there was a charm about him, due to the depth and genuineness of his convictions, and his sympathetic feelings. It was his sympathy that attracted others to him; and, what he called the plain people felt themselves drawn to him by the instinctive feeling that he understood, esteemed and appreciated them. He had grown up among the poor, the lowly, the ignorant. He never looked down upon them. He knew how they could be moved, how they felt and reasoned, for so he had once felt and reasoned himself. It was this perfect comprehension of the people by which he was guided all through his term as President, and that singularly fitted him for leadership in the great crisis then coming on.

And now let us consider more closely the men who were to compose his official family, and bear with him the stress and strain of the Civil War. Mr. Gideon Welles, whose delightful diary, as well as Mr. Morse's admirable introduction thereto, we shall use quite freely, was of good English stock, whose arrival in this country dated back to within a few years of the "Mayflower." After studying law, he took charge, in 1826, of the "Hartford Times," a Democratic sheet which endorsed General Jackson as candidate for the Presidency. He thus became Jackson's chief adviser in the local affairs of Connecticut, was afterwards Postmaster at Hartford, and was appointed by

President Polk to be Chief of the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing for the Navy, which place he held until the summer of 1849.

When the question of slavery came to the front, there resulted a new alignment throughout the northern half of the country, and multitudes of independent men crossed over from a slavocratic and aristocratic Democracy to a new humanitarian and democratic Republicanism. The infusion of a great moral issue into politics inevitably changed the point of view of any man who felt the Puritan conscience strong within him, and in this way Mr. Welles ceased to be a Democrat and became a Republican. Moreover his old democratic belief in States Rights repudiated the Democratic move for the establishment of slavery in the territories, and he always favored a strict construction of the Federal powers, the preservation of individual rights, and the protection and safeguards of the law, even in the midst of the furious civil conflict.

In 1856 he was defeated as Republican candidate for Governor, and about the same time entered upon an eight years' term of service as a member of the Republican National Committee. He was chairman of the delegation from his State to the convention that nominated MR. LINCOLN for the Presidency. Wanting a man from New England, MR. LINCOLN took an ex-Democrat, trained in public business, and who, as Mr. Morse says, "had manifested his courage and the earnestness of his convictions by casting loose from his old associates on the question of slavery, and had shown an aptitude for politics, a quality which MR. LINCOLN himself possessed in a remarkable degree, and did not undervalue in others." There was no special reason why he should have been assigned to the Navy Department, unless it were that a certain flavor of maritime commerce and prowess still hung faintly about the wharves of New England. And it is rather delightful to note Mr. Welles' indignation as he refers to certain critics of the administration of his department, who are "embarrassed by no military or naval teaching," when one recalls that this observation applies with equal justice and force to the Secretary of the Navy himself; but, as Mr. Morse says, he made a good Secretary of the Navy and an excellent diarist. And in comparing his notes with those of John Quincy Adams, it is clear that they were both fine examples of the moral and intellectual civilization of the New England of their times. But while they had the solid moralities, they were somewhat deficient in the gentler ones. They established a rigid system both for themselves and for others, and to ordinary mortals who seemed to fall below these standards, they dealt out Christian charity with much economy. But while Mr. Welles' judgment was severe, it was never unfair nor malicious, and in the absence of humor we have the next most enlivening quality, an honest and hearty sarcasm.

His diary presents an invaluable array of portraits; and in presenting them we must remember that those days were not ordinary days, that there was a tremendous stress of feeling, and that it was a time for Hebraic wrath rather than for Christian charity. He portrays to the life General Banks, General Butler, and other political Generals; and when he comes to criticize the commanding Generals of our Armies, while not unjust towards them, he shows the feeling of the faithful public servant, that every additional day of the War was adding millions to the public debt, that needless delay in its prosecution was unjust to the Treasury no less than to the country; and that the pottering around of great chieftains, their dilatory movements and their failures to move promptly at the appointed times, were offenses against both gods and men.

In speaking of McClellan he states that in the procession of admirers which heralded his advent, none blew a more confident trumpet blast than the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase; but that later, when the savior had failed to save, and Mr. Chase was no less vehemently denouncing McClellan as an imbecile, a coward, and a traitor, and summoning Mr. Welles to cry amen, that gentleman recalled that he had originally set down a mark of interrogation against the name of the hero, and that as he had then avoided the error of undue exaltation, he did not now propose to fall into the injustice of premature damnation.

But when he comes to another distinguished officer, he is not sparing of his caustic criticism. He describes General Halleck as a harmless professor of the arts of slaughter and destruction, who sits at his desk in Washington, obscurely sluggish and silent, officially superintending the entire strategy of all the Northern forces, but really chewing his cigar and rubbing his elbows. How that habitual gesture of his exasperated Mr. Welles! When the rubbing began the friction seemed to spread from the Halleck coat-sleeve to the whole Welles system. "Called this morning," he says, "on General Halleck, who had forgotten, or was not aware, there was a naval force in the James River, co-operating with the army." Mr. Welles assured the General that such was the fact; then the General, perplexed as to whether the vessels should be retained or withdrawn, went to work on his elbows and worked out the conclusion that they might as well be withdrawn. Then Mr. Welles suggested that they might as well stay, and the General immediately thought so too; and Mr. Welles finally reaches the conclusion that General Halleck may have some talent as a writer or critic, but that in all military matters he seems destitute of resources, skill or capacity.

Naturally to the bosom of his diary he confides his inmost thoughts as to his associates in the Cabinet; and the thing that painfully impresses one all through the diary is the perfectly inconsequential way in which both civil and military matters were managed. One would naturally suppose that with the tremendous responsibility resting upon the members of the Cabinet, they would feel the absolute necessity for frequent and united consultation. As the most important questions were constantly arising, in which the War, Navy and State Departments were all interested, it was almost impossible that proper conclusions could be reached without such consultation: but even after the regular cabinet meetings had been at last agreed upon, it was very rarely that a majority of the members were present; and the complaint is constant that if Mr. Seward had an important matter, he quietly slipped over to MR. LINCOLN and talked it over with him, and that very often the first knowledge that the other members of the Cabinet had upon the subject, was an announcement through some newspaper. Again Mr. Stanton, as Secretary of War, seemed to have thought that the news of battles and marches, and of the most important events of the War, belonged solely to his Department; and he permitted nothing to go even to the President except through his office; and would often delay advising him of current events and totally fail in many cases to give his colleagues the least information in regard thereto. Even during the Chancellorsville Campaign and again through the Wilderness Campaign, there seemed to be but very little information in Washington as to the varying fortunes on these great battlefields; and it would almost seem that the ordinary channels were entirely lacking through which prompt and reliable intelligence could be communicated therefrom to headquarters at Washington. The truth is, I presume, that the Civil War had to a certain extent to be managed

and conducted on entirely different lines from those of an ordinary conflict between two hostile countries. The strong underlying belief in the North that the South could not as a section be so unmindful of the past, or so wicked as to desire to tear the nation asunder, naturally held back the prompt marshalling of the forces which were absolutely necessary to meet the emergency until the fated day when the Rebels fired on Ft. Sumter; and after that, for a long while, the repossession of territory by the United States seemed much more important from a political point of view than the proper marshalling of our armies. The doubtful position of the border States, too, made it absolutely necessary to keep strong Union forces within their confines, so as to encourage the Union spirit and repress Southern disloyalty. The opening of the Mississippi to the Gulf was vital to success, not only because it cut the Confederacy in two, but because it prevented the shipment of supplies from the fertile lands of the West to the districts in the East that had been overrun and ravaged by the War. This, of necessity, meant the capture of Memphis, Baton Rouge, Vicksburg, New Orleans, and other important points on that great river, and the employment in their reduction of a large portion of the Union forces; while the movements against Port Royal, Wilmington, Mobile, Charleston and Savannah still further scattered the already widely distributed Union Forces.

It would really seem from Mr. Welles' diary that the War went on just about as Topsy "growed;" and it is amazing to read of the most important military steps being taken hastily, on the mere suggestion sometimes of a Cabinet officer, and without a tithe of consideration as to its effect upon the general military situation. When McClellan was relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac after the Peninsular Campaign, and General Pope was brought East to command it, no one had any reliable knowledge of his capacity or ability to take command of a defeated army and lead it against a triumphant and successful foe; and the order to move McClellan's army from the strong position on the James River where it seriously threatened the Rebel Capitol and where, with the victory of the Monitor over the Merrimac, its lines of water communication were absolutely protected, was given by General Halleck, without consultation or deliberation, and in direct defiance of the protests of our commanders and of the fundamental principles of warfare. The President naturally had to rely upon military men for his guidance; but it was not until General Grant was made Lieutenant-General and given entire command of the Armies in the field, that a comprehensive plan of campaign was laid out, under which the forces of the United States, moving towards a common point, became irresistible.

When we come to deal with Mr. Welles' associates in the Cabinet, we find the results already referred to as growing out of the want of united consultation. It was, of course, only natural that Mr. Seward should feel keenly the responsibility resting upon his Department. The cotton famine resulting from the blockade of the Southern ports brought a terrible stress upon the mills of Lancashire; and the commercial interests of England impelled the British Government constantly towards a recognition of the Southern Confederacy, in order to relieve the lamentable conditions prevailing in that portion of England: while in France, Louis Napoleon was ready at any moment to co-operate with England in order to divert attention from home matters, and gratify the natural love of the French for arms and glory. We therefore find a friendly but constant struggle between Mr. Seward and Mr. Welles, with the desire on the part of Mr. Seward to make all

possible concessions to England in order to pacify unfriendly feeling, and, on the other hand, on the part of Mr. Welles a determination to keep matters affecting British subjects arising out of the blockade or otherwise, where they properly belonged, in the courts for judicial determination according to the law of Nations, rather than to run the unknown risks that might grow out of unfortunate concessions.

Mr. Seward, when he entered the Cabinet as Secretary of State, from his long experience, high position, and conceded ability, expected to be premier of the administration, and therefore to a certain extent assumed to run other Departments than his own. An instance of this was his unfortunate interference with the plans of Mr. Welles for the relief of Ft. Sumter, when the vessels intended to relieve that fort were diverted to Ft. Pickens, Florida, without any authority on his part, and in direct opposition to the orders of the Navy Department; and while it is no doubt true that the Rebels would not have permitted these vessels to reinforce Ft. Sumter, and therefore nothing serious resulted from Mr. Seward's action, there was none the less neither warrant nor excuse for such a proceeding on his part. Mr. Welles in closing the reference to this matter in his diary, after stating that Mr. Seward apologized for what he had done and said that thereafter he would confine himself to his own Department, grimly notes that to this proposition of Mr. Seward's he cordially assented.

In the same manner Mr. Stanton, who, with his many virtues had some attributes that were quite repellent, started with the assumption that the Navy Department was under the supervision of, and subordinate to, the War Department. It is needless to say that Mr. Welles' position on this question was so emphatic that Mr. Stanton did not pursue the issue further; but, while Mr. Welles gives credit to Mr. Stanton for devotion to the cause, a very greed for hard work, financial integrity, and merciless energy against rascally contractors, he writes him down as violent in manner, unjust in many cases, and as sometimes a good deal of a bully. The account of the consternation in Washington during the stirring foray of the Merrimac until her defeat by the little "cheese box" Monitor, one can particularly enjoy. His description of Mr. Stanton looking from the Department windows down the Potomac, watching for the Merrimac to come up the river and hold the Capitol of the Nation at its mercy and then, as he said, probably proceed to New York and Boston and destroy those cities or levy from them sufficient contributions to carry on the war, is most entertaining. Mr. Welles' quiet statement that, certainly the Merrimac could not come to Washington and go to New York at the same time, seemed to give Mr. Stanton but little comfort; and then Mr. Welles assured him that if she came into the Potomac River she could not with her heavy armament possibly pass the Kettle Bottom Shoals. When he mentioned, however, to the Secretary of War that the "Monitor" had but two guns, he states that Mr. Stanton's look of mingled incredulity and contempt could hardly be described. He further states that this was the first, and save on the following day, the only time when Mr. Stanton attempted to exercise towards him that rude and offensive manner for which he became somewhat notorious in the discharge of his official duties. While this conversation was going on, a message came from Admiral Dahlgren stating that he had secured a large number of boats, and had loaded them with stone and gravel ready to be sunk on the Shoals, and asking if he was acting in conformity with the wishes of the Navy Department. Mr. Weiles then found on inquiry

that Mr. Stanton had given these instructions, with the approval of the President. Mr. Welles at once strongly dissented from any such performance, and Mr. LINCOLN gave orders not to sink these boats in the channel until it was known that the Merrimac was approaching. Of course they were never sunk, but the President always referred to them afterwards as "Stanton's Navy."

Mr. Welles says Mr. Stanton was fond of power and its exercise, and took pleasure in being rough and ungracious to those under his control, while to his superiors or equals he was usually complacent. Like all men he must be taken with his faults and his virtues, and undoubtedly the balance stands enormously to his credit.

The relations between Mr. Welles and Mr. Chase were always friendly and to a certain extent cordial. The distinguished services performed by Mr. Chase in creating the National Bank System can never be forgotten: and while Mr. Welles had the old Democratic aversion to the issue of paper, and felt that it would have been better to raise revenue by taxes and the sale of bonds, and confine the issue of money to gold and silver, yet it must be conceded that the demands upon the Government were so enormous that it taxed the genius and ability of the best financiers, and required the services of the most astute bankers all over the country, to keep the war chest supplied and provide for the thousands of millions of dollars of expenditure necessitated by the Civil War. But with all Mr. Chase's ability and the important positions held by him, both State and National, it is doubtful whether he was ever really satisfied while in MR. LINCOLN's Cabinet. While Mr. Seward accepted philosophically the prominence given to MR. LINCOLN, Mr. Chase always felt that he was better fitted for the place that MR. LINCOLN held, and when the fortunes of war wavered and disaster came to the Union Armies, Mr. Chase was among those who felt that MR. LINCOLN could not be re-elected, and after three years of service he finally resigned his post. And then, to the surprise of everyone, he received from the President the highest appointment in his gift, that of Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Necessarily, the four important positions in MR. LINCOLN's Cabinet were the Secretaryships of State, War, Navy and the Treasury; and while the other three positions, the Secretaryship of the Interior, the Postmaster Generalship, and the Attorney Generalship, were filled by men of high character, their duties did not bring them in such close touch with the stirring events of the war. But Mr. Blair, the Postmaster General, had a strong personality, expressed his views frankly and clearly, and did not hesitate to criticise plainly the military management of the War; and his insight and ability made his counsel influential with the President, until his retirement from the Cabinet to compose a political situation.

It can readily be seen that the burden of the conflict rested practically on MR. LINCOLN's shoulders. While Mr. Seward's diplomacy and finesse fitted him admirably for the duties of his Department, and while his every effort had constantly to be directed towards the maintenance of cordial relations with foreign powers and especially with Great Britain, there was always a strong section of the English people in hearty sympathy with the United States. And after the proclamation emancipating the slaves, there arose such a sentiment among a decided majority of the English people in our favor, that the great anxiety that had theretofore prevailed was very largely removed.

In reaching his conclusion as to the emancipation of the slaves, MR. LINCOLN moved with a care befitting the gravity of the question. He had been at first

emphatic in denouncing any interference by the General Government with that subject; but after it became clear that the South meant to fight to the finish; that the slaves were the laborers and producers for the South, in attendance on their armies in the field as teamsters and as workers on fortifications and intrenchments, he was gradually convinced that the safety of the Union required drastic action. He discussed it fully with the Cabinet, measured carefully all their divergent views and then practically decided the matter for himself. As a war measure, it showed the greatest political sagacity: while on humanitarian and moral grounds, it received the approval not only of the great body of the American people, but of the civilized world.

But the one thing present in MR. LINCOLN's mind night and day during the four years of his Presidency, was such a conduct of the war as to bring about the prompt suppression of the rebellion and the restoration of the Union. As the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy a responsibility rested upon him which he could not escape; and in his unremitting efforts to protect Washington and capture Richmond, and put into the field a force sufficient to defeat the Rebel armies, he was made sick at heart again and again by the delays of the Commanders of the Army of the Potomac, and by the unsuccessful outcome of the battles with the Army of Northern Virginia. When McClellan was called to the command of the Army of the Potomac, the President reposed the utmost confidence in his ability and aided and supported him in every way, so that he might have an ample and effective force to defeat Lee's army. After the failure of the Peninsular Campaign, he was induced to put Pope in command, the result being a still greater failure; and it was then, in direct contravention of the advice of his Cabinet, that he restored General McClellan to the command of the Army, only to remove him again after Antietam on account of his failure to act promptly against the enemy. Having then confided the conduct of the Virginia Campaign to General Hooker, he saw the Army of the Potomac put into superb shape, only to make a miserable failure at Chancellorsville, when it needed but proper leadership to have ensured a decisive victory. When General Meade was substituted for General Hooker, and the Battle of Gettysburg was won, the President was persuaded that a firm and vigorous pursuit of Lee's broken army must have resulted in the utter discomfiture of the Rebel force; and so until he finally made Grant Lieutenant-General, he went from one sorrowful experience to another until his burden was almost too great to bear. His letters and telegrams to the commanders of the Army of the Potomac, and his visits to that army, show the intense interest with which he watched every move that it made; and nothing but his confidence in an overruling Providence and his belief that the right must eventually triumph, enabled him to bear bravely the many reverses that our armies sustained.

But at last, thank God, the day was reached when the constant battering of our forces had worn the Rebel Army to a shadow; when to fill the gaps in their ranks they had almost robbed the cradle and the grave, so that their thinned battalions at Appomattox, marching under the "Stars and Bars" in the Army of Northern Virginia, numbered only 28,000 men, with such scant rations that upon their surrender our own supplies had to be used to feed the famishing Rebel soldiers. And when Lee's surrender was followed by that of Johnston and the remaining Rebel forces; when the men so lately in arms to destroy the Union had turned their backs upon the battlefields of the War and were on their way to

their homes to cultivate their farms as citizens of a free and once again united country, and do their full share in creating its present abounding prosperity; when from the Great Lakes to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the waters of our rivers ran unvexed to the sea; when the channels leading to our Southern ports, which for four years had been blockaded and closed to the world, were once more whitened with the sails of commerce; when the sword and spear were being beaten into the pruning hook and plowshare; when the long agony of the Civil War was over; when men from the North and South could once more mingle in fraternal kindness; when the families in the border States, which had been rent asunder, so that brother fought against brother and father against son, could meet in friendly greeting; when the fields that had been red with blood, and had furnished the last resting place for tens of thousands who had laid down their lives in defence of their State or their Country, were again to smile with harvests; when grief had been turned to joy, and the bells were pealing from one end of the land to the other in token of the blessed peace that had now fallen upon it; suddenly, in the providence of God, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the President, stricken down by the hand of an assassin, became ABRAHAM LINCOLN the Martyr, amid the sorrowing not only of a Nation, but of the world; so that for nearly fifty years his memory has grown, and as far as man can foresee, for centuries to come will continue to grow in the affectionate reverence of mankind. And yet, feeling as we do that the laborer is indeed worthy of his hire, and that he who had borne the heat and burden of the day had richly earned the right to enjoy the full fruition of his labors, we may sadly recall the noble words of General Devens in that eloquent oration which he delivered on our Twenty-fifth Anniversary (1890), when he said:

"In the older Scriptures the stately figure of the great Hebrew law-giver and warrior stands on the lonely hill in the land of Moab to gaze out over the Promised Land, which it is decreed he shall never enter. Fair before him stretch the fertile fields, yet no crops from them shall ever fill his garners. The sparkling waters dance in the sunlight, yet no draught from them shall ever refresh his weary lips. He has crossed at the head of the Children of Israel the stormy waters of the Red Sea; he has led them through the forty years of wandering in the wilderness. For them the hour of enjoyment has come; his work is done; for him it remains but to rest in his lonely grave. So to this our Moses, who had led us through the Red Sea of rebellion, is vouchsafed but a glimpse of the Promised Land, as he passes from mortal sight forever. And yet, as we behold again that rugged countenance, deep graven with the lines of princely care, we see it illumined with a nobler light than the cunning hand of the Greek could give to the massive brow of the Olympian Jupiter; beautiful in the radiance of truth and justice, while the scroll that he holds in his strong right hand bears the glad tidings of liberty to all men."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

GEORGE R. STODDARD





No issue for 1913.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

" COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL MEETING

FEBRUARY 11 1914

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Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania
FEBRUARY 11 1914

A B R A H A M L I N C O L N
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
MARCH 4, 1861, TO APRIL 15, 1865

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin (La Rue) Co., Kentucky
Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Enrolled by Special Resolution April 16, 1865

*“Some Phases of the Life and Character of
Abraham Lincoln”*

COMPANION GEORGE R. SNOWDEN

“SOME PHASES OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN”

BY COMPANION GEORGE R. SNOWDEN

When one comes to consider the life and character of ABRAHAM LINCOLN he feels like the traveler who sees a lofty mountain rising from the plain before him. Cliffs and promontories that nearby confuse the eye, bewilder the sense, and hide from view the awe-inspiring bulk beyond, farther off blend themselves with imposing outline, into one symmetrical form. Lost in admiration he beholds the massive shape slowly lifting itself upward from its base until the top in solitary grandeur cleaves the sky. Too great to climb to survey the vast expanse from its lonely summit he must be content with prospects here and there that please, with views of dale and glen that excite the fancy, of forests that frown in their impenetrable depths.

In the lapse of nigh half a century since the ruthless hand of a cowardly assassin smote ABRAHAM LINCOLN in the place of power, the angry passions of men have become cool, the law has resumed its sway, order everywhere prevails, a broken country has been restored to former limits, upheavals like great tides that shook it from end to end have subsided into the tranquility of a summer lake. It is as if the Divine Voice had said to the turbulent elements, as once it spoke to the troubled waters, “Peace, be still.”

Many books have been written of LINCOLN, a library of itself, and this generation knows him better and holds him higher than the one that lived with him. But legend is already weaving a web of fable about him as it has woven about great men in all the ages. Nothing new may now be told of one who saw life in its most contrasted forms, from poverty and ignorance and obscurity to knowledge, fame and power, but in the time allotted a glance may be cast on some features that marked him a commanding figure in the history of the country. Familiar incidents of his life may be briefly recalled to illustrate remarkable traits in that extraordinary man.

The stock from which LINCOLN came, no doubt English in origin, was nourished in the mountains of Berks. There Daniel Boone was born; from that section of the State emigrated many of the hardy pioneers who settled the Southwest and the West. Not far off Old Paxtang Church, above Harrisburg, was a hive from which swarmed bold men who, advancing through the Cumberland up the Shenandoah Valley, explored forests, climbed mountains, fought and pushed back the red man, planted civilization in the wilderness, founded Commonwealths. In the graveyard of that Church of which Col. John Elder, soldier,

GEORGE RANDOLPH SNOWDEN

First Sergeant 142d Pennsylvania Infantry August 30, 1862; discharged for promotion September 1, 1862.

First Lieutenant 142d Pennsylvania Infantry September 1, 1862; Captain November 16, 1863; honorably discharged April 7, 1864.

statesman, and divine, was pastor, lie buried more veterans of the Revolution, it is believed, than in any other spot in the whole country.

LINCOLN's ancestors were men of respectability and character, some of them bearing the same name now honored the world over, having attained prominence in the county. His grandfather was killed by the Indians. His father was shiftless and gifted with no more thrift than the proverbial rolling stone. They lived in a log cabin, of a single room, without floor, door or window; until the coming of the step-mother from Kentucky, the floor was the bare ground. She was a remarkable woman, with energy and intelligence, and encouraged young ABRAHAM in earnest efforts to educate himself. He was ever after grateful for her help and sympathy, and held her in tender recollection. They lived in the direst poverty; a little corn from the stumpy field, and the uncertain returns from rifle and trap, supplied their only food. Under age he was hired out by his father and earned by chopping wood and other hard work six dollars a month. But he had the strength and skill to sink his axe deeper in the log than any man in the neighborhood could do. He was so poor that he contracted to "split four hundred rails for every yard of brown jean dyed with white walnut bark that would be necessary to make him a pair of trousers."

But with all this grinding poverty, there was an insatiable thirst to learn; the divine spark of genius must not perish for lack of nourishment. The aggregate of all his schooling, such as it was, did not amount to a single year. A school-master told him where he could buy or borrow "Kirkham's Grammar," that some here will recall, and the future writer of the purest and clearest English walked six miles there and back to obtain it.

His reading was scant, for books were few and precious on that Western frontier. How small the list! The Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Aesop's Fables," Weem's "Washington," probably but not certainly, Shakespeare and Burns. But he read them again and again until the very words and ideas became part of his being, ready for use at every call, especially the Bible.

With the help of his good friend, the teacher, he studied the art of surveying, and like Washington, was for a while a land surveyor. Like Grant he kept a country store, and met with no better fortune. The qualities needful to keep a country store must not be underrated; two men, afterwards president, tried it and failed. The sum of debts he contracted, a few hundred dollars, was so large in his estimation that he humorously called it "the national debt." His surveying instruments were sold at official sale, but saved to him by the help of generous friends. It was years before he became free of debt, and he applied part of his salary as member of congress to pay off the last dollar. The Black Hawk War broke out; he enlisted in a company of volunteers and, now become of some standing with his neighbors, was elected captain. Their time expired, he entered as private a troop of mounted scouts; his horse was stolen, he was never fortunate in gathering worldly chattels, and in good humor he trudged his way home afoot. Long after in a sketch of his life prepared by himself in 1859 for the coming campaign for nomination as president, he refers to this incident in terms that must touch a cord of sympathy in many a breast here tonight: "Then came the Black Hawk War, and I was elected a captain of volunteers, which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since"—more pleasure than from his seat in Congress, his triumphs on "the stump" or at the bar.

Was this short turn of military duty to prove of value thirty years after? A wise man tells us there is no experience that will not later prove to be of advantage. Gibbon found his service with the militia and his study of military affairs of great use in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" in comprehending campaigns and describing the movements of armies. Many officers who later rose to distinction took their first lessons with the Three Months' Men, and the Mexican War proved to be a splendid school for the highest on both sides in the Civil War.

As was the custom in those early times LINCOLN nominated himself a candidate for the Legislature and was defeated, the only time in his life by the people, but with a handsome vote, in which many Democrats joined, for although a Whig, he admired the character of Andrew Jackson. His election the next year decided the question whether he should be a lawyer or a blacksmith. It was far from an unworthy doubt, for the blacksmith, especially in the country, has a manly, respectable trade. His deliberation shows belief in the dignity of labor, in the manliness of toil. Vulcan, Tubal Cain, all the workers in iron, have ever been held in high repute. Poets have sung, warriors extolled their strength and skill. The shield of Achilles, wrought by the grimy artisan of Olympus, will never rust.

The question is interesting whether had he decided for the anvil and the forge, instead of for the forum, he should ever have attained great distinction. It is altogether likely that he should have, for instances are frequent where men of occupation equally humble, with far less talent, have reached places of honor and power. Andrew Johnson rose to the presidency from a tailor's bench, and Henry Wilson from the shoemaker's, to be senator and vice-president. Genius and force of character spurred on by ambition, are able to overcome great odds.

Elected four times in succession to the legislature, he devoted much time and energy to a series of projects for state internal improvements, a favorite doctrine of the Whig party; but they proved to be failures and afterwards he expressed regret for the part he had taken in them. There he seems to have made his first public, at least official, attack on slavery. He had seen some of its evils on his voyage on a raft to New Orleans, from which he came back all the way on foot. If it be true, as claimed by some, but doubted by others it seems on better grounds, that he said "if he ever got a chance to strike that institution he would strike it hard," it is certain that he never lost occasion to give it an effective blow. Against certain resolutions he signed with others, if he did not write, a protest which set forth "that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils."

Elected to Congress in 1846 over Peter Cartwright, the noted evangelist, he took little active part in the proceedings, but when he spoke received marked attention. The late Chief Justice Thompson, then chairman of the Judiciary Committee, who sat next to Andrew Johnson, used to say that LINCOLN wore a long linen duster, and when he addressed the House, drew the members about him in crowds to hear his amusing stories abounding in wit and humor. Opposed to the Mexican War, founded, as he believed, on injustice with covert desire to extend slave territory, but holding that politics ought to stop at the frontier, he voted to supply all the men and means the Administration asked. Notwithstanding his gallant services in that war, Grant in his "Memoirs" expresses nearly

the same views. The Whigs, generally, were opposed to the war, but they were shrewd politicians, and LINCOLN himself a delegate to the Convention, chose as their candidate for president Zachary Taylor, the hero of Buena Vista, and elected him over Lewis Cass, who had served with credit in the late war with Great Britain.

While in Congress he introduced a bill to prohibit the slave trade in the District of Columbia; the bringing of the slaves into the District except by government officials who were citizens of slave states; selling slaves to be taken away from the District; fugitive slaves to be returned to the owner; compensation to owners in case of loss, finally, the measure to be submitted to popular vote in the District. But, as to be expected, the bill failed to become a law. This was some years before the Fugitive Slave Law was enacted which dates from 1850. He said in 1858: "I do not now, nor ever did, stand in favor of the unconditional repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law," but declared that it ought to be freed "from some of the objections that appertain to it without lessening its efficiency."

From some understanding amongst rival candidates at the time of his nomination he did not seek re-election, but consented in case of difficulty in agreeing on a successor to stand for a second term. Another was chosen but beaten at the polls. Shortly afterward there was a contest for the appointment of General Land Commissioner; LINCOLN supported a friend for the place, but was unsuccessful in his efforts. He now became a candidate himself. It is common to regard this as a crisis in his career. Had he obtained the position what would have been his future? We are told he might have become a mere bureau officer, absorbed in routine administrative duties, neglected his profession, lost if not his interest, his influence in politics. But Thomas A. Hendricks, after holding the place, was elected governor, senator and vice-president, and it is more than probable that LINCOLN also would have overcome its benumbing influence. Grant sought in vain an appointment on the staff. Had he secured it would he have been present at another's or his own Appomattox? But for his mother, Washington would have been a midshipman on a British ship. Can we imagine him a British admiral in our Revolution? Interesting as may be these speculations to amuse the fancy they are vain; for, as we believe with the poet,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Ham. V, II.

MR. LINCOLN was now devoting himself more closely to the practice of his profession. No time to become a profoundly learned lawyer he grasped with broad comprehension the eternal principles of right and justice. He was distinguished for the clearness with which he presented the facts of his cause, and the law bearing upon them, after which he had little to do but to impress them in a clear and convincing way upon the court and the jury. As a public speaker his fame was growing, and he was called to distant parts to address political assemblies. He was thus making friends, gaining popularity and convincing the people of his high character and great ability. A remarkable contest was coming on in which all these qualities would be put to the severest test.

Stephen A. Douglas was a favorite leader of the Democratic party, an orator of distinguished force and eloquence. His term as senator was about to expire, and he was a candidate for re-election. A joint debate was arranged between him

and LINCOLN, the choice of the Republicans, which proved to be a battle of intellectual and forensic giants, and attracted the close attention of the entire country. Douglas' war cry was Popular Sovereignty, a term applied to the right of an incoming state to pass on the question of slavery, the Missouri Compromise, largely owing to his exertions, having been repealed. It was a phrase apt to flatter the pride and patriotism of the people. Is not ours a popular government? Do not the people rule? Ought not the inhabitants of a territory to have the right to choose all their local institutions, including slavery? Douglas was a candidate for the presidency and for fear to offend the South dare not, if he would, attack slavery; as he probably did not believe in the justice of it he could defend it only as an institution of the states that chose to maintain it, and as recognized in the constitution. In view of the natural antipathy of freemen to servitude LINCOLN had a tactical advantage, for he hated slavery and had no hesitation, lost no opportunity to express his mind.

Hence the morality of slavery, its right to exist at all, became the chief, the absorbing issue. As his text LINCOLN chose with sagacity the passage from the Scriptures: A house divided against itself can not stand. He spoke with clearness and force: "I believe this government can not endure half slave and half free;" that the slavery question could "never be successfully compromised." He believed the negro "entitled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, as much entitled to these as the white man." But "I am not in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people." Afterwards he somewhat modified this opinion: The privilege to vote might be wisely conferred upon "the very intelligent and especially upon those who have fought gallantly in our ranks." He regarded slavery as "a moral, a social, a political evil." But at Peoria with a profound sense of the difficulty of wisely dealing with it, and the awful consequences of mistake he declared: "If all earthly power were given me, I should not know what to do with the existing institution."

Thus Douglas believed that slaves might be brought in and slavery adopted in a territory by the vote of the people of the territory, while LINCOLN was opposed to its extension under any circumstances, holding the Congress had the right and ought to prohibit the introduction of them.

Momentous results depended on this historic contest, more famous now than any ever waged in the country's history; even the celebrated debate between Webster and Hayne fades by comparison into obscurity. Douglas gained the seat in the Senate, but, probably, lost the presidency; LINCOLN lost the senatorship, but reached the presidential chair.

The tremendous impression LINCOLN's speeches made upon his party and the country rendered probable if not certain his nomination for President. But it was not to be had without a struggle. Wise and shrewd politicians were against him; statesmen, like Seward, of high order and long experience, were formidable antagonists. But the discussion with Douglas had done its work. From the convention at Chicago in May of 1860 he came out, but after a fierce and bitter contest, the Republican candidate. The Democratic party was divided, chiefly over the slavery question, and after a campaign remarkable for earnestness and enthusiasm, LINCOLN was elected. "The Rail-splitter" won, where "the Pathfinder" lost.

When he was sworn into office Douglas stood at his side, in fact held his hat while he spoke, in hearty support then and later as long as life lasted. The antagonist of old but now the friend heard with sympathy and approval these touching and memorable words: "I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The South heard but heeded not. State after state had gone on seceding, as they claimed, from the Union; a Confederacy had been set up at Montgomery with Jefferson Davis as president, and armies created to achieve by force their independence. All appeals to reconsider their hasty acts fell upon unwilling ears. The North in general did not really believe they meant war, and it was not until they fired on Fort Sumter that the sleeping lion was roused. Then occurred an uprising of an indignant people that astonished the world.

MR. LINCOLN chose for his cabinet his chief opponents at Chicago: Seward, Chase, Cameron, and others. Some were well-known to the country, some had yet to make their mark.

Many thought that Seward would prove the master mind to overshadow his fellows, perhaps the president himself. In a speech on the admission of California he had said, "there is a higher law than the constitution," and at Rochester in 1858: "It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation, or entirely a free labor nation." These views, very advanced for the time, held by many to be very radical, appealed with force of conviction to a large part of his countrymen; in consequence he had a strong and influential party at his back. He was a very able lawyer, had been governor of the state of New York, and long a leading senator. The force of LINCOLN's character was soon made evident. He drafted himself the first circular to the foreign powers on the state of our affairs at home and abroad, a document of extraordinary merit, and directed his secretary of state to put it in the usual diplomatic form for transmissal to our ministers abroad. Seward presented a scheme to the cabinet whereby one member should be charged with management and direction of all our affairs, "to devolve the energetic prosecution of the war on some member of the cabinet," in other words practically a dictatorship. "While he was not seeking it, he would not decline it." The president quietly intimated they could get on well enough without a dictator, that he would save the need of one, and ignored the scheme. He retained the vast powers of the presidency in his own hands, unquestioned to the end. For his great services to the country in our foreign affairs in a most difficult time Mr. Seward's memory is held in grateful recollection.

MR. LINCOLN's chief object was to make the contest with the South a war for the Union only. In his inaugural he declared, "The Union is unbroken," that "no state, upon its mere motion, could lawfully get out of the Union; resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void." To him, the abolition of slavery was an incident, not the purpose held in view. Before inauguration he wrote to Seward, he did "not wish to meddle with slavery as it now existed." Had he entertained and made known such intention it is doubtful if so many

who cheerfully rallied to restore the Union would have come to his support. He declared "the abolition of slavery was not worth 300,000 lives, but the preservation of the Union was." To Horace Greeley, 19th Aug., 1862, in answer to his self-inspired, self-constructed "Prayer of 20,000,000 of People" he wrote: "My paramount object is to save the Union, and not to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing some, and leaving others alone, I would do that." Further: "My enemies pretend that I am now carrying on the war for the sole purpose of abolition. So long as I am President, it shall be carried on for the sole purpose of restoring the Union."

From the very first Greeley was constantly giving him trouble. In the editorial columns of the "Tribune" it was declared that "if the Cotton States shall decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace;" and on the 23rd February, 1861, that "if the Cotton States choose to form an independent nation, they have a clear moral right to do so." Gladstone improved but little on these plain words when he said "Jefferson Davis has created a nation." Secession was in the air. Fernando Wood proposed that New York should become a free independent city, and Daniel E. Sickles, in the House of Representatives, threatened that the secession of the Southern States should be followed by that of New York City.

Abolitionists other than Greeley treated MR. LINCOLN contemptuously. Wendell Phillips asked: "Who is this truckster in politics? Who is this county court advocate?" He had the audacity to publish an article entitled "ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the Slave-hound of Illinois." He regarded the Administration "as a civil and military failure." His re-election "I shall consider the end of the Union, and its reconstruction on terms worse than disunion." Fremont, too, who had been relieved as Hunter was, for freeing the slaves in his department on his own motion, had his fling: "The Administration is politically, militarily and financially a failure."

The Democrats, in open opposition to his policy, objected to any other than voluntary emancipation by the people of the South themselves. Stanton broke out in opprobrious terms unfit to repeat. The Abolitionists were furious that he did not at once free the negroes. Many leading Republicans, still within the limits of the party, denounced him, as we shall see further on, both officially and personally. But this extraordinary man, beset with the clamor of his enemies, pushed his way forward, like a great ship in midocean, regardless of storm and tempest, true to the masterful hand that holds the wheel. He had his own plan that he would unfold in due time.

He was preparing to free the slaves as commander-in-chief, as a war measure to bring victory to our armies in the field. To a delegation of clergymen from Chicago in September, 1862, he answered: "I view this matter (proclamation of emancipation) as a practical war measure, to be decided on according to the advantages or disadvantages it may offer to the suppression of the rebellion." He had no doubt of his right under the constitution to issue it. In a letter to a mass meeting held at Springfield he wrote 26th August, 1863: "I think the constitution invests its commander-in-chief with all the law of war. The most that can be said, if so much, is, that slaves are property. Is there, has there ever been, any question that by the law of war, property, both of enemies and friends, may be taken when needed?"

At last on the 1st January, 1863, he issued the proclamation: "By virtue of his power as commander-in-chief in time of actual armed rebellion and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing the rebellion," the President ordered (note the military term) ordered that "all persons held as slaves in certain states and parts of states (designated) should be thenceforward free."

The proclamation freed the slaves within the limits held by the Union armies, but no farther. Those blacks were free, but slavery could be restored by the states when they resumed their places in the Union. To abolish it for all time was now the paramount purpose. In June, 1864, MR. LINCOLN said the abolition of slavery was "a fitting and necessary condition to the final success of the Union cause." But how should it be done? He himself as a civil measure had always favored emancipation with compensation to owners, and colonization. Congress, in accord with the views set forth in his message of 16th March, 1862, passed a resolution that "the United States ought to co-operate with any state which might adopt a gradual emancipation of slavery," and placed at the disposal of the president \$600,000 for an experiment in colonization. As late as February, 1865, he worked out a scheme whereby "Congress should empower him to distribute a sufficient sum of money between the slave states in due proportion to their respective slave populations (to be divided amongst the owners) on condition that all resistance to the national authority should be abandoned and cease on or before the first day of April next." On submitting it to his cabinet it was "unanimously disapproved." He doubted the power of Congress to prohibit slavery in the reconstructed states. "I conceive that I may in an emergency do things on military grounds which cannot be done constitutionally by Congress." He favored an amendment to the constitution which he did not live to see adopted. The Thirteenth Amendment was submitted to the states by resolution of Congress passed on the 1st February, 1865, and proclaimed a part of the fundamental law on the 18th December following. It provides that: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." Thus finally passed away the "peculiar institution," the subject of agitation for the previous fifty years, and the blot was forever wiped off the map. The "cornerstone" of the Confederacy, according to Alexander H. Stephens, that "slavery is the negro's natural and moral condition," crumbled to pieces. It may be left to moralists and economists to quarrel over the question, happily now merely academic, whether if left to itself it would have died of itself. Even in imperial Rome pagan lawyers declared slavery to be against natural right.

LINCOLN's nomination and election to a second term were not effected without much commotion in the political world. The Democratic convention at Chicago, under the lead of Vallandingham and other extremists, put a plank in the platform declaring that "after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war," a convention ought to be called of all the states or other peaceable means taken to restore peace "on the basis of a federal union of the states," which General McClellan, their candidate, repudiated. The radical Republicans nominated Fremont in May, but he withdrew in September. Chase, whom LINCOLN had taken into his cabinet, and after his resignation appointed Chief Justice, hoped to be the nominee, but when the Ohio legislature declared for LINCOLN, also withdrew. An effort to nominate Grant he brushed abruptly aside.

The Democratic party took a more dignified stand than the so-called Reactionaries. They charged that the constitution had been violated and many of them in so awful a contingency would have preferred a divided country with the constitution intact to a united country with the constitution prostrate. While the reactionaries seemed to be moved by personal spite, quarrels over patronage, above all, by an intense desire to make the president accept their views and move more rapidly than he was disposed. Enemies of MR. LINCOLN within his own party were constantly attacking him. Mr. Julian made a serious mistake in saying "that of the more earnest and thorough-going Republicans in both houses of Congress probably not one in ten favored the nomination of MR. LINCOLN." Thaddeus Stevens declared in the House that Arnold, of Illinois, was the only member who was a political friend of the President, and "the story goes that LINCOLN himself sadly admitted the truth of it." Pomeroy, of Kansas, proclaimed that his re-election was practically impossible. Winter Davis and B. F. Wade published an address in the N. Y. "Tribune," "To the Supporters of the Government," in which they charged encroachment of the Executive on the authority of Congress, "even impugning the honesty of his purpose in words of direct personal insult."

Meanwhile the war was going on successfully to its inevitable conclusion and all opposition was vain. The majority of the people thought with LINCOLN, that it was no time to swap horses when crossing the stream.

On taking the oath a second time he spoke these words which touch the heart because they came from his: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Of the history of the war much might be, but little need here be said, for it is too familiar to the older, perhaps to the younger Companions, now to rehearse. As the last of the chief commanders he selected Grant, who led the armies to final victory at Appomattox. When Grant took command he stipulated that he was to be absolutely free from all interference, especially on the part of Stanton. LINCOLN was most generous in his confidence and in his support. He wrote: "The particulars of your plan I neither know nor seek to know." Grant replied in like spirit: "Should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say, the fault is not with you." LINCOLN lived to see the Union armies victorious at Appomattox and Lee with the brave but exhausted Army of Northern Virginia give up the struggle. Then, the Union safe, the light went out; a great soul passed on to its Maker.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a true product of our institutions. In no other country could his career have been possible; only a republic based on a democracy could have produced him. He had ambition to rise, but it was not "vaulting," nor was it "that sin" whereby "fell the angels." In an address to the people in his first convass for the legislature he described it: "Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say for one that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed by my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem." Such principles were in accord with fair desire to reach place and power, where he could carry them into effect. He believed in

the truths of the Declaration he so often proclaimed: All men are born free and equal. His character appealed to the sympathy and affections of the people. He was "Honest Abe," because while in business, of his own motion he trudged miles to refund an accidental overcharge; because he took trouble to make up for a careless underweight; because he paid off his "national debt," with interest, every cent. He never cared for money or tried to accumulate it. To Chase, wishing to introduce a delegation of bankers who had come to Washington to discuss the financial situation, he exclaimed, "Money! I don't know anything about money! I never had enough of my own to fret me, and I have no opinion about it any way."

In the usual sense he was not a politician. Without his ear to the ground no man ever knew better the heart of the plain people: he was one of them himself. He said, "God loves the plain people, he made so many of them." He had their virtues, honesty, truth, courage, none of their faults. A model of the domestic virtues, he had the family relations that make the bone and sinew of the land. No scandal, public or private, was ever fastened upon him, none was even so much as hinted. Not strictly a religious man he believed in the Christian's God whom he so often invoked and lived in accord with the morals of Christian life. He had the confidence, affection, respect of every man that knew him, of every man that once had seen him. How it stirred the heart, roused the spirit of patriotism in the young soldier's breast, in the breast of many of you, to behold that dignified figure in the dress they wore at home, a citizen in black as the head of the army on review, the country's institutions personified! Of undoubted personal courage he stood under fire, perhaps without due heed, but eager to witness Early's repulse at Ft. Stevens, our soldiers and theirs in actual battle. Like Aristotle's magnanimous man, virtuous, conversant with great and extraordinary honors, his gait was slow, his tone of voice grave, his pronunciation firm. (Ethics, lib. IV.)

As a statesman he holds place in the highest rank. It is amazing to consider how one with no previous experience could conduct the government with success to the end of a war that convulsed a continent, that disturbed the whole world. Yet as he wrote in his message in December, 1864, the population had actually increased during the preceding four years, and material resources were more complete and abundant than ever. Peculiarly delicate and difficult were our relations with foreign powers. There was impending danger of intervention by Great Britain and France. The French were in Mexico with hopes to stay; the English, sending forth armed ships in the name of neutrality to destroy our commerce; the Canadians, giving shelter to enemies and spies too mean to bear arms, a refuge to carry on their nefarious designs. Our only friend was Russia, to prove that friendship by sending a fleet at a critical time to ward off interference. It is said the English people were in sympathy with the Union cause; so they were in the same way in our Revolution. Their hostile temper was shown in swift anger at the taking of Mason and Slidell by Captain Wilkes off the Trent. Although the gallant officer received thanks of Congress and the applause of the country, it was a mistake and to avert war had to be undone. But there were plenty of precedents in English history to justify it; some of them led to the War of 1812. As late as the Spanish War the British Ambassador guided other foreign ministers to the White House with intent to overawe and intimidate the President. Their actions and purposes in Mexico now are left to the future to unfold.

It took a skilful pilot to steer through these difficult channels; the least swerve from the course was sure to bring collision with a sunken rock. Foreign affairs were ably handled by the secretary of state, but supreme direction was in the hands of the President. Vigorous and emphatic protests were made to the British that led, through our having the most formidable fleet afloat, to the Alabama Treaty; to the evacuation of Mexico when Sheridan with 50,000 veterans, some of you among them, moved to the frontier. Men have tried in vain to tell the debt of gratitude the country owes to the wisdom, firmness, foresight, patriotism of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It has been told of him that he stands apart in striking solitude. He had no confidants about him to warp and deceive his judgment, to boast afterward of their perfidy. His ear was ever open to advice of friends, even to hear the abuse of enemies, but he acted of his own will, unswerved by influence or threats, without fear but with due heed for results. He was chief magistrate. Imperious Stanton more than once was reminded by him, gently but firmly, that one was Secretary, the other President.

LINCOLN was fond of company, even of the plainest; no old friend too humble to entertain, to talk with of the past, to recall events of their early life. As a young man he was subject to spells of depression, and perhaps never entirely recovered from the effects of them. They showed, as many of you have seen, in his countenance when not lighted up by a kindly smile. Was his sadness due to an overwhelming sense of responsibility? for we know that responsibility sobers. The late Chief Justice Thompson, who knew him well, and had seen Alexander of Russia, the liberator of the serfs, afterward also assassinated, used to say they had the saddest faces he ever saw on men. Were the shadows of impending doom upon them? LINCOLN often spoke of doing his duty at the risk of his life. At the State House he closed his speech with this remarkable statement some of you may have heard: "But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by." At another time he felt that he had no moral right to shrink from his duty, nor even to count the chances of his own life in what might follow. He had rather die, as he said, than restore to slavery the blacks he had set free.

In his book, *De Trobriand*, of the regular army, relates that he could tell from the countenances of his men who were to fall in the coming battle. Was it that "far-away look" some physicians skilled to "minister to a mind diseased" have known and described? Was it with LINCOLN, the impress of the conscious soul upon the body it was about to leave?

A most genial, kindly man, he seldom said of another anything severe, but when pushed too far he knew how to strike back. He had "a giant's strength," but thought it "tyrannous to use it like a giant." One Forquer had been berating him as a young man who must be "taken down." Forquer had built for himself the finest house in Springfield, and put on it the first lightning-rod ever seen in the neighborhood. LINCOLN declared from "the stump:" "I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, live to see the day when I should have to erect a lightning-rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God!"

His fund of anecdote was inexhaustible, but many attributed to him are of doubtful source. He told them to relieve his feelings or as a happy, amusing illustration, even in the gravest affairs. In his biographical sketch alluded to he did not refrain from using the homeliest illustrations. "If any personal descrip-

tion is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair, and gray eyes. No other marks and brands recollect." He was fond of metaphor drawn from life on the farm. When he allowed Greeley to go to Niagara Falls, on a vain errand as he knew, to confer with self-styled Confederate Commissioners, with mind probably on an unruly steer tied with a long halter, he gave him, as he declared, rope enough to hang him. When Hooker, after Chancellorsville, proposed to cross the Rappahannock and attack Lee's rear corps at Fredericksburg, he wrote him: "In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other." At the famous conference at Hampton Roads in January, 1865, he persisted that he could not enter into any agreement with "parties in arms against the government." Hunter, of Virginia, cited precedents "of this character between Charles I. of England and the people in arms against him." LINCOLN replied: "I do not profess to be posted in history. On all such matters I will turn you over to Seward. All I distinctly recollect about the case of Charles I. is, that he lost his head!"

The flight and pursuit of Jefferson Davis was an exciting episode. Asked if he was willing to let him escape, LINCOLN said it reminded him of a circuit rider who late at night, tired and wet, sought rest and refreshment for himself and horse at a settler's cabin. The farmer asked, "Parson, will you take a drink?" He replied, "Oh, my, no, I never drink." "Well, then, will you have a lemonade?" "Yes," he would have that. "Shall I put a stick in it?" "Well now," hesitating, "if you can put it in sort of unbeknownst like." If the late president of the confederacy could escape "unbeknownst like," so much the better for the country. The result, as usual, proved LINCOLN's wisdom. For the capture greatly embarrassed the government and showed that a man cannot be convicted in the district where the treason was committed, if the whole community be involved, because, although Davis was indicted and arraigned, they dare not try him in the face of certain acquittal, unless they packed the jury, a crime almost equal to treason itself.

LINCOLN's speeches on the rostrum and before the jury were full of anecdotes like these, to amuse the fancy or please the crowd. But his oratory and his writings have a far higher merit. They are in the choicest form of English composition. His letter to a poor mother who he heard had lost five sons in the war, still hangs on the walls of Brasenose College, Oxford, as an example of pure and perfect English. Recently the Chancellor of Oxford asked to say who was the greatest English orator, replied, ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the greatest in the English language. His speech at Gettysburg as a model of funereal oratory took the place of Pericles' over the dead of Marathon, for 2,000 years held up as the greatest of its kind. In a few moments he gained there more lasting fame than Meade who fought the battle. Again in the contest for fame between letters and arms, carried on since Alexander at the tomb of Achilles longed for another Homer, letters won. How full of tender and noble thoughts must have been the soul that on the spur of the moment, as it were, could utter forth a master-piece to last as long as time! Well may they place that immortal speech on the stately monument that stands in honor to the soldiers of Pennsylvania on the field where it was spoken, but men will read it when the marks in bronze that set it forth

are worn away from storm and rust. Glorious field! illustrious for heroic deeds of arms, for oratory's highest flight; greater than Marathon, for here men who met as foes now gather as friends, citizens of a common country.

With all his extraordinary faculties he had none of the eccentricities of genius. His patience under most exasperating circumstances, was without limit; when tried almost beyond human endurance he replied without passion, without complaint, only to correct mistake. He was misunderstood by his enemies, not fully appreciated by his friends. But the harsh things said of him in his lifetime, all too short, are now forgotten in universal reverence for his memory. Of a heart too tender willingly to sign a death warrant, he approved a bill, on conviction of its necessity, to authorize generals in the field to execute spies and deserters. The quality of his mercy was not strained; he was the very personification of that charity that suffereth long and is kind. But he was always the man, *primus inter pares*, first amongst his peers. That one of his kindly nature should perish at the hands of an assassin passes all understanding.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN in character, ability, and achievement ranks with the great men of his time, with the great men of all time. In contemplating him we believe with Cicero. In every great man is some whiff of the divine breath.¹ While men of genius have some qualities, opinions, and fortunes in common, in others they widely differ.² With Hamilton, LINCOLN believed in a strong government; with Jefferson, in the virtue and intelligence of the people. Athens, weary of Aristides "the Just," banished him; America honored "Honest Abe" living, reveres him dead. Cato, held for just and fearless, to save their keep, sold his slaves in their old age; LINCOLN, to hold fast the integrity of his country, made free men of a million slaves.

From the story of this noble life we draw the lesson that duty must be done, "as God gives us to see" our duty, at all risks, and that as Providence raised up him to face disunion and a civil war, so will He raise up another, not a LINCOLN perhaps, but one, like him, when the time shall come, with stout heart and bold front, with wisdom and virtue, with unbounded love for his country, to meet all dangers that may threaten the republic.

1. *Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.*

2. Ut enim in corporibus magnae dissimilitudines sunt (alios videmus velocitate ad cursum, alios viribus ad luetandum valere, itemque in formis aliis dignitatem inesse, aliis venustatem), sic in animis existent majores etiam varietates. Erat in L. Crasso, &c. De Officiis, I, 30, 107.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

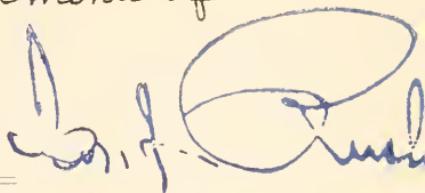
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL MEETING

FEBRUARY 10 1915

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Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania
FEBRUARY 10 1915

A B R A H A M L I N C O L N
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
MARCH 4, 1861, TO APRIL 15, 1865

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin (La Rue) Co., Kentucky
Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Enrolled by Special Resolution April 16, 1865

"Abraham Lincoln and His Religious Faith"

COMPANION JAMES F. RUSLING, LL.D.

Mr. Ph.
S. D. C.
1870

“ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS RELIGIOUS FAITH”

BY COMPANION JAMES F. RUSLING LL. D.

“I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true.
I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to
the light I have.”—A. LINCOLN.

I rejoice to stand here tonight, and to speak the best word I can for ABRAHAM LINCOLN. It was my high honor and great privilege to give him my first vote for President (almost) in 1860, and I have never regretted it—would have been unspeakably sorry always had I voted otherwise. In return he gave me all my commissions (almost), from 1st Lieutenant to Brigadier General, and I shall transmit them to my children as their most precious legacies.

And now let me begin by saying, ABRAHAM LINCOLN commenced life a poor boy—one of the very poorest of the poor—“none so poor as to do him reverence.” He ended it by becoming one of the greatest and wisest of human rulers. Who was he, what manner of man was he, and how did he bear himself, thus to awaken the attention, and command the admiration and affection of his fellow-men?

Of course, we have not time for a full analysis of his remarkable life and character. But suppose we try to weigh and measure him just a little. Suppose we walk around and about him and glance at just a few of his salient features, as if gazing up at some old castle or ancient cathedral, and see what message he has for each and for all of us.

Well, in the first place, glancing at his personal appearance, I would say, confessedly MR. LINCOLN was not a handsome man, as human beauty goes. He had a broad forehead, high cheek-bones, cavernous eyes that closed to a mere line when looking intently at you, a great promontory of a nose, a big mouth, square jaws that could close tightly when required, telescopic arms and legs, and

JAMES FOWLER RUSLING

First Lieutenant and Quartermaster 5th New Jersey Infantry August 21, 1861; discharged for promotion June 20, 1862.

Captain and Asst. Quartermaster U. S. Volunteers June 11, 1862; honorably mustered out September 17, 1867.

Lieut.-Colonel and Quartermaster (by assignment) May 27, 1863, to July 7, 1863.

Colonel and Quartermaster (by assignment) April 29, 1865, to January 1, 1867.

Brevetted Major, Lieut.-Colonel, and Colonel U. S. Volunteers March 13, 1865, “for faithful and meritorious services during the war;” Brig.-General February 16, 1866, “for faithful and meritorious services during the war.”

enormous feet, with boots so large he himself often jocosely referred to them as his "twin gunboats."

"Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars to threaten and command"—

these classic qualifications of royal grace and beauty, as catalogued by William Shakespeare, certainly MR. LINCOLN did not possess. No, he did not. He was not ugly—there was no ugliness possible about ABRAHAM LINCOLN. But he was simply homely, in the best sense of that good old Anglo-Saxon word, and

"With his gaunt, gnarled hands,
His unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
And lack of all we prize as debonair,"

as Punch well described him, when he lay in state beneath the dome of the capitol at Washington, clearly he was not of the man-made town, but of the God-made country, and everything in and about him smacked of the soil. Assuredly MR. LINCOLN was not an aristocrat. Neither was he a groundling. No! But he belonged to that great middle class of Americans, whom MR. LINCOLN was wont to call our "plain people," and among whom he was always candid and proud to include himself. He was not an English country gentleman, like George Washington, dropped down into Virginia; nor a New England patrician, like John Adams; nor a Southwestern swashbuckler, like Andrew Jackson. No! ABRAHAM LINCOLN was none of these things. But he was a child of the people, a true son of the soil, the consummate flower and fruit of our American democracy, the most truly American of all our Presidents, from Washington to Wilson—a man of sound sense, of simple life, and of absolute honesty. Why Sir Galahad himself could not have borne himself more blamelessly in our great War of the Rebellion, nor Sir Lancelot more gallantly. Or as James Russell Lowell well said of him, in contemplating his antique type of conduct and character, "He was one of Plutarch's Men"—one of the kind of heroes and great men that old Plutarch loved to gossip about. And I submit his name will remain a flag among men, around which men will rally and fight for God and Humanity, "till the last syllable of recorded time." In all the changes of his marvellous life, from Illinois attorney to President, he never forgot "the pit from which he was digged," but always quaintly argued: "God must love the common people, or He would not have made so many of us!" And so he believed thoroughly in those heroic lines of Robert Burns, when he magnificently said:

"Is there for honest poverty,
Who hangs his head and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be puir for a 'that;
And a'that, and a'that,
Our toil's obscure and a'that,
The honest man, though e'er so puir,
Is king of men for a'that!"

Next, I would say, ABRAHAM LINCOLN was not a man of books, but he was a man of brains and ideas. He was not a man of letters, but he was a man of big heart and heroic soul. Of books, indeed, he had but few—the Bible, Shakespeare, Pilgrim's Progress, Æsop's Fables, Weems' Life of George Washington, these were about all. But he had read and studied these thoroughly, and moulded

and shaped and guided his life by them. He was not a college-bred man (no doubt he was sorry he was not—he would have been supremely glad to have been a Pennsylvania man or a Princeton man). He knew little about art, and science, and literature; but he knew human nature and believed in himself and in his fellow-men and in God. Of early education, strictly speaking, he had but little, but did his best with what he had, and strove to supplement it by reading and studying at night after a hard day's work was over. He cyphered out his mathematics on boards and shingles with a piece of charcoal, by the light of pine-knots, as he was too poor to afford a slate and candle even, and often walked ten miles to borrow an English grammar or a copy of Euclid. But he rose to be a good Springfield lawyer and Illinois member of Congress, and to charm the world by the spell of his eloquence. His oration at Gettysburg, over the graves of our fallen heroes there, in commemoration of their valor and patriotism, ending with his simple but sublime plea for our "government of the people, by the people, for the people," will live in history while our English Bible and Shakespeare endure, and will rank him with Pericles, Demosthenes and Cicero, and the world's greatest orators forever. So, too, he believed in the Ten Commandments, and in the Sermon on the Mount, and in our American Declaration of Independence as the best political exposition of them both; and hence his own great declaration (worthy to be writ in letters of gold, with the pen of a diamond, on the very dome of the sky, where all men may read and remember it): "I would give to every human being a fair start and an equal chance in the race of life—however poor, however humble, or however black. And then, may not the Devil take, but God help the hindmost!"

Hence, instinctively, he early took his stand against the institution (or rather the "destitution," as Emerson well termed it), of African Slavery, and when in his young manhood he went down the Mississippi on a flat-boat to New Orleans and saw Americans selling men and women and little children on the auction-block like "dumb driven cattle" (I myself have seen the same), he indignantly declared, "I hate that inhuman and wicked institution, and, if I ever get a chance to hit it, I will hit it hard." And afterwards, when he did get the chance, during our War of the Rebellion, he did "hit it hard," and though he fell by the foul bullet of an assassin, he went up to the Judgment-seat "bearing in his hands, the broken chains of four million of his fellow-men!" How St. Peter must have hastened to throw wide the gates of Paradise, as he approached. And how all the heavenly arches must have rung with acclamations as he strode up the golden streets to his appointed place. For if ABRAHAM LINCOLN did not get into Paradise, after all he was and did and suffered for his fellow-men, I confess I don't see much use for Paradise, nor much chance for anybody else ever getting there.

Next, I would say, ABRAHAM LINCOLN was essentially of a large and roomy nature—full of the breath of the prairies and the mountains. He was cast in a large mould. He was built on a big scale. He stood 6 ft. 4 in. in his stockings, and was every inch a man. And he believed in the Union, our whole Union, and nothing but the Union. He could not do a small or mean thing, if he wanted to, and he never wanted to—was not built that way. His patriotism was not confined to the narrow limits of his own state, but embraced all our broad states and territories, from the blue waves of the Atlantic to the golden slope of the Pacific, and from the glittering glaciers of Alaska to the orange groves of Florida. He did not think South Carolina-way nor Illinois-way, but he thought "con-

tinently,” as George Washington said of Alexander Hamilton. He believed with Euclid, that the whole is greater than any of its parts; that this Union of States is greater than any one State; and that the United States has as much right down South, as “down South” has in the United States; and so he sent Grant and Sherman and the Boys in Blue down there to teach her that great lesson, and they taught it thoroughly—at Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and elsewhere. He did not trouble himself with the vexed question as to whether the “Constitution follows the Flag,” or the “Flag follows the Constitution;” but he held that they are both, now and forever, one and inseparable, and he did not withdraw his strenuous hand until he had made them so over every foot of American soil. He did not carry his eyes in the back of his head, but looked before and around, as well as behind, and statesmanlike saw the end even from the beginning. He lifted his eyes above the smoke, and the noise, and the turmoil of the titanic conflict that raged around him, and saw the coming glories of the American Republic—saw a great and re-united nation, of over a hundred millions, one and inseparable from sea to sea, without a foe to oppose her, with the Stars and Stripes streaming over her, with no slave upon her soil, resplendent in her spotless robes of liberty and justice, like a fair young matron, with the smile of heaven upon her brow and the broken chains of four millions of human beings beneath her feet—mewing her strength like the eagle’s, pluming her wings for new and loftier flights—and like Isaiah of old was enraptured by the beatific vision. He was no mere pur-blind politician, nor cowardly time-server, but looked ahead and aloft at the “eternal verities,” as Emerson well says, and hastened to get into line, and to “Forward March” with them. He did not paddle dreamily along shore, waiting for the passing breezes and shifting currents of the hour; but launched boldly out into mid-ocean, trusting to the eternal winds and tides, and to God’s everlasting stars of righteousness and justice prevailing there. And so,

“In spite of rock and tempest’s roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore”—

he “bated no jot of heart or hope, but still bore up and steered right forward.” And so at last he brought the good old Ship of State safely into port, with the Stars and Stripes streaming over her—“without a stripe erased or polluted, or a single star obscured”—amid the grateful plaudits, not only of all true Americans, but of all lovers of their kind the broad continent across and the wide world over. And tonight (thanks mainly to ABRAHAM LINCOLN) we may well triumphantly sing with Holmes,

“The good Ship Union’s voyage is o’er—
At anchor safe she swings—
While loud and clear, with cheer on cheer,
Her joyous welcome rings.
Hurrah! Hurrah! It shakes the wave,
It thunders on the shore—
One Flag, one Land,
One heart, one hand—
One nation ever more!”

Next, I would say, ABRAHAM LINCOLN was naturally a sober-minded and serious man, made so by the circumstances of his life and times; but he also believed with the old Scotch philosopher,

“A little fun now and then,
Is relished by the best of men!”

Or as Shakespeare said of poor Yorick, "he was a fellow of infinite jest," and like William the Silent in his great fight for the Dutch Republic, he saw life from its humorous angle as well as its serious side. In his kaleidoscope of life, he saw not only broken glass, but rubies, emeralds, and diamonds also, in all their changing phases. It was God's mercy that he did, or he would have gone mad, or his big heart would have broken beneath the stress and strain of our great War. Like a true Westerner, he loved a good joke or little story, and knew when and where and how to tell one. When badgered by office-seekers and contractors, he used to say jocosely: "Why, gentlemen, I would like to oblige you, but really I have no influence with this Administration!" So, in the winter of 1861, when the Confederates were practically besieging Washington and McClellan would not move, he wrote him: "If you are not going to do anything with our Grand Army of the Potomac, I would like to borrow it myself for a little while!" So, in 1862, after Donelson and Shiloh, when Grant was our only fighting general, and his enemies accused him of over drinking, his reply was: "Yes, but he fights! He fights! I wish I knew what brand of whiskey he drinks! I would send a keg of the same kind to all our other generals!" So, in 1863, when gold had gone up to 250 and was still mounting skyward, a deputation of bankers from Philadelphia and New York went down to Washington, and besought him to order Secretary Chase to sell the gold in the Treasury, in order to bring its price down again. One of the bankers present (afterwards a U. S. Senator), told me this story himself, and, of course, it is authentic: It was midnight, of a hot summer night, he said, and Mr. Lincoln had risen from his bed, and met us in his office in the White House, with only an old dressing gown about him and a pair of old slippers on his big feet. He listened to us all attentively, and when we got through, replied: "Well, now, gentlemen, of course, I would like to oblige you, but it is clearly impossible. It is not good policy to interfere with one's Cabinet officers. They are all big men, and like to boss their own jobs, and that's right! There's Seward now, he runs our Foreign Affairs, and it won't do to interfere with him—he would get mad and "swear like a trooper," if he is a good churchman. There's Stanton, he runs the Army, and it won't do to interfere with him. He would bite your head off! There's Welles, he runs the Navy, and it won't do to interfere with him. And there's Chase, he runs the Treasury—makes all our greenbacks and pays all our bills—of course, it won't do to interfere with him—a very big man. Of course not. He is a very obstinate man, and very ugly when he gets mad, if he is an Episcopalian! But you go over to the Treasury Department and see Chase, and if he is willing to sell his gold, I have no objection. But I can't overrule him—clearly that would never do! But, if you want me to, I will tell you a little story."

Of course, we all said we would have his "story." And MR. LINCOLN resumed:

"When I was living out in Illinois, before I came here to Washington to be bothered with all sorts of smart men and have all kinds of hard nuts to crack, one year a dreadful disease broke out among our swine, and we lost pigs by the hundreds and thousands. We tried all sorts of remedies, but none of them seemed to do much good, until one day a slick Yankee came along from the East and he advised us to cut off their tails, and that would stop the disease. And so we cut off their tails, and that did seem to stop the disease for that season. But the next season, when the disease broke out again, unfortunately our pigs had no tails to cut off!

"Now, it is all very well for you gentlemen to advise us to sell the Treasury gold to bring down the price of gold on Wall Street. But suppose we lose a battle or two, as seems likely now and then, with our average Brigadier-Generals, and gold goes up again? Why then we would have 'no tails to cut off,' and gold would mount higher than ever!"

So, in 1864, when they tried to dissuade him from running for President again, in the midst of our great Civil War, he humorously replied: "Do you think it good policy to swap horses while crossing a river?" So, in 1864, as the political campaign wore on, when asked whether he wasn't anxious about the result, he answered: "It is a good plan never to cross Duck River until you come to it!"

So, in 1864, when his political opponents declared the war was a failure, his simple reply was: "Well, gentlemen, Grant was not a failure; Sherman was not a failure; Meade was not a failure; Sheridan was not a failure; and so, gentlemen, you may fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time. But you can't fool all the people all the time." And soon Sherman telegraphed:

"Atlanta is ours and fairly won," and then he went
"Marching through Georgia!"?
"How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound;
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissaries found;
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
When we were marching through Georgia!"

So, one day an old country-woman, foot-sore and travel-stained, with walking all the way down from New Jersey, arrived in Washington and made her way to the White House. She inquired for the President, and was told by his private secretary to take a seat—he was engaged just then. And so she sat down and waited all day, while others came and went (diplomats, army officers, etc.), but at last she was admitted to MR. LINCOLN. "Well," he said kindly, "mother, what can I do for you?" "O," she replied, "MR. LINCOLN you can do a great deal for me. My son John is a soldier in the 7th New Jersey and they are going to shoot him, and I want you to save him."

"Why, how is that? What has he been doing? What are they going to shoot him for?"

"Why, you see, it is this way. His regiment went on a long march—marched all day and part of the night—and when they halted, the rest of them lay down and went to sleep. But John and some others were put on guard as sentinels, and John walked his beat for a while, but got tired, and sat down for a little rest, and fell asleep, and while he was sleeping the officer of the day came along and found him, and they arrested him and put him in the guard-house, and court-martialed him, and ordered him to be shot, and it is not right, and I want you to save him. John has always been a good boy. His father was killed on the Peninsula. His brother died in hospital. And John is all I have left. And he is a good boy—sends nearly all his pay home—helps with my rent, and grocer bills—and I am getting old and can't work as I used to—and now if they shoot John, I shall starve and have to go to the poor-house, and that is not right. Now won't you please help me save John? Our Member of Congress has been down here, but Mr. Stanton would not see him, and said John must be punished. And so I have come down here myself—walked all the way from New Jersey to see what you would do for me."

"But don't you know he has been guilty of a grave offence—'sleeping on post'—a very grave military offence? He was put there to safeguard the Army. Suppose General Lee and his army had come up just there, and found John asleep, and got inside our lines, they might have surprised General Meade and our army, and worked great havoc."

"Yes, but General Lee and his rebels didn't come up, and didn't surprise Meade and our boys, and there wasn't any havoc, and so I don't see why they should now shoot poor John. He didn't do any harm. He is a good boy, and he didn't mean to go asleep. And now, MR. LINCOLN, O won't you pardon him?"

"No, my good woman, I can't do just that. What would Stanton and Meade say? But I will telegraph General Meade to suspend his sentence, and that will be all right."

"No, MR. LINCOLN, that won't do. Gen. Meade might not get it, and you might forget, and they would shoot John after all."

"O mother, don't you worry about that. Gen. Meade will get it today, and I shall not forget—I am not built that way. If the facts be as you say, they won't shoot John, until I order him shot. And if they don't shoot him until I order him shot, he will live to be an old man! And besides the war will soon be over now, and the soldiers will all go 'Marching home' and John along with them."

"Say, Clerk," turning to one of his Executive Clerks, "send this old lady down to the Soldiers' Home near the New York Station, and ask them, in my name, to give her supper, and lodging, and breakfast, and tomorrow morning get her a pass over the railroad to New Jersey wherever she wants to go." And then turning to the old woman he said very graciously, "There, mother, that is all I can do for you today, good-bye."

And so with a "God bless you" and streaming eyes she bade MR. LINCOLN "good-bye," and the great President saved the life of another Union soldier.

Next, I would say, it is true ABRAHAM LINCOLN was not a member of any of our orthodox churches, and because he was not, some of our small philosophers and half-baked journalists have taken it upon themselves to declare he was only an old-fashioned infidel; or modern agnostic (or theologic know-nothing) after all. Well, as to that I would say, I do not think it would be difficult to construct an argument to the contrary, from his public addresses and great state papers alone, in support of his substantially Christian life and character. Pardon me while I cite just a few of his remarkable utterances along this line, and see if we can grasp their lofty meaning and significance. For example, before the war, in 1858, in his great debate with Stephen A. Douglas, he said: "I know there is a God and that He hates injustice and slavery. Judge Douglas says he doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down, but God cares and humanity cares, and Christ cares, and Christ was God, and I care, and with our Heavenly Father's help, I feel sure in the long run, we shall not fail." Surely that does not sound very much like infidelity or agnosticism. So, also, what else did he mean when after his first election he left Springfield for Washington, in bidding his old neighbors and friends good bye at the railroad station in February, 1861, he besought them "to pray" for him, that he might have the same "Divine guidance and assistance" George Washington had had, "without which (he said) he could not hope to succeed, but with which success is certain?" Now, what did he mean by that? So, also, in his great Proclamation of Emancipation in 1863—one of the greatest

state papers ever penned by the hand of man—whereby he struck the chains from the limbs of a whole race, he wound it up by declaring, "And upon this act sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of my fellow-men and the gracious favor of Almighty God." Surely, that does not sound like agnosticism, but rather like John Knox, and the best and bravest of his old Scotch Covenantors.

So, also, in his last great inaugural in 1865, when Sherman was yet marching up through the Carolinas and Grant was yet hammering away at the gates of Petersburg, he said, as if with prophetic vision: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we have begun and a just and lasting peace will yet come to all of us." Why! this does not sound like agnosticism, but rather like a good old orthodox Baptist praise and prayer service. So, also, he said to a deputation of Methodist ministers, who called on him at the White House during the war, with Bishop Ames at their head, "It is no fault of others, that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the front, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven in behalf of the Union, than any other church in the land." And then he added, in a spirit worthy of the immortal LINCOLN, "God bless the Methodist Episcopal Church!" And then he also quickly added, with a shrewdness and sagacity worthy of the consummate politician he was: "And God bless all our churches, and blessed be God, who in this hour of trial hath given us the churches!" Surely this is not agnosticism, but it sounds like John Wesley and Chaplain McCabe, and good old orthodox Methodist Camp Meeting preaching. So, also, he said to his old Kentucky friend Joshua Speed, who caught him one day at the White House reading the Bible: "Yes, Joshua, I am reading the Bible. It is a good book. Take all of this book upon reason that you can, Joshua, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a better and happier man."

Now, I submit, what do all these things mean, and many others like them had I time to cite them? Do they mean that MR. LINCOLN was only a colossal hypocrite and stupendous humbug after all, which seems unthinkable? Or rather do they not mean, that in all these sublime utterances, he was still "Honest Old Abe" the same as in all the other acts and facts of his remarkable life? If anybody still doubts, then I beg to put myself into the witness box, and to testify to what I myself heard him say, with these two ears of mine, down yonder at Washington, on Sunday, July 5th, 1863—the Sunday after the battle of Gettysburg. Now this is not a fairy tale or good Sunday School story. But the very "truth of history"—"the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." General Sickles of New York, who commanded the Third Corps, had arrived in Washington that morning, with his right leg shot off at Gettysburg, and being on his staff (his Corps Quartermaster), I naturally called to see him at his private quarters on F Street, nearly opposite the Ebbitt House. While there his excellency the President was announced by the orderly at the door, and immediately afterwards MR. LINCOLN was ushered into the room. They shook hands gravely but cordially (for they were good friends), and then MR. LINCOLN asked him how he had been wounded, how he was getting on, how the army was doing, how it was getting on, what General Meade was going to do with his great victory, and so on, and then presently Sickles roused up (he was lying on an Army stretcher, with a

cigar between his fingers, puffing it leisurely, with his servant wetting his fevered stump now and then with water), and eagerly inquired:

"Well, Mr. President, what did you think about Gettysburg?"

"Oh," he replied, "I did not think much about it. It did not trouble me."

"Why, how was that, Mr. President? We were told up there that you people down here were a good deal worried about Gettysburg."

"Yes, some of us were rattled a little. Seward was. Stanton was. Welles was. And they went so far as to order a gunboat up here from Fortress Monroe, and to put some of the Government archives abroad, and wanted me to go on board too. But I told them no, I wasn't going on board of any gunboat, and that I had no fears of Gettysburg!"

"Why, how was that, Mr. President? It seems very extraordinary."

"Well, I will tell you," he said after a pause, sobering up his long countenance and folding his telescopic arms a little, and crossing his prodigious legs: "I don't want you or Rusling here to say anything about this now. It might get out, you know, and get into the newspapers, and then the politicians would all be laughing at me—especially those on the other side. But the fact of the business is, that in the very pinch of your great campaign up there, when everything seemed to be going wrong—when Baltimore was threatened, Philadelphia menaced and Washington in great danger—when I had done everything I could to support Gen. Meade, raking and scraping together all the soldiers I could find, and there was nothing else I could do—almost despairing of things—I went into my room one morning and locked the door, and got down upon my knees, and prayed Almighty God for victory at Gettysburg. I told Him our war was His war—that our cause was His cause—but that we could not stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville. And I then and there made a solemn vow with Him, that if He would stand by you boys at Gettysburg, I would stand by Him. And I don't know how it was—I can't explain it—it is not for me to say—I am not much of a 'meeting man'—but as I wrestled with my Maker in prayer (wrestled hard, too, like Jacob of old), after a while a sweet comfort crept into my soul, that God Almighty had taken the whole business there into His own hands and that things would come out all right at Gettysburg!" And then he added, "And He did stand by you boys, and now I will stand by Him!"

There was a silence for a minute or two, which nobody seemed inclined to break. MR. LINCOLN evidently was communing with the Infinite One again. In all this conversation he did not speak flippantly, but with a dignity and solemnity worthy of the chief executive of this great Republic, and his face now shone as the face of Moses might have shone when he came down from Mt. Sinai. And then presently Sickles turned over on his stretcher, still whiffing his cigar, and again inquired,

"Well, Mr. President, what news have you from Vicksburg?"

"Oh, I don't know," MR. LINCOLN gravely answered. "Grant is in command down there, and keeps 'pegging away' at the Confederates, and I rather think before he gets through he will 'make a spoon or spoil a horn,' as we say out West. Some of our folks want me to remove him, but I kind of like Grant—U. S. Grant, United States Grant, Uncle Sam Grant, Unconditional Surrender Grant (and he chuckled over Grant's name and initials). He doesn't bother me all the time about 'reinforcements,' but takes what troops we can send him, and does the best he can with what he has got. And if he only does this Vicksburg job—and

I don't care much how he does it, if he only 'does it right'—why then Grant is my man and I am his man the rest of this war." "Besides," he added, "I don't want you to say anything about this either, but I have been praying over Vicksburg too—have told our Heavenly Father how much we need it—how it would bisect the Confederacy, and let the Mississippi flow unvexed to the sea, as it ought to—and it is kind of borne in upon me, that somehow or other we are going to win at Vicksburg too." This was on Sunday, July 5th, 1863. He did not then know that Vicksburg had already fallen the day before—on that memorable 4th of July, 1863—and that a gunboat was already on its way up the Mississippi to Cairo, with the glorious news that was soon to thrill the nation and the civilized world through and through.

Now, what did MR. LINCOLN mean by all this historic conversation? I have given you his exact words—ipsissima verba—to the very best of my knowledge and recollection, and General Sickles in his life-time corroborated them many times over, both publicly and privately. I was only a youngster then—only a Lt. Colonel and Chief Quartermaster. But I kept both ears wide open, and took it all in, as a great historic event, and the same night wrote home to my father about it, and he preserved my letter until I came back from the war, when he returned it, and I have it still. Now, was MR. LINCOLN trying to deceive and humbug us—isn't this unthinkable? Or rather was he not speaking the truth out of the very depths of his heart and soul, and in all this remarkable talk, was he not "Honest Old Abe," too?

Now, I suppose, it is true that in his early manhood—in his young and "vealy" days—MR. LINCOLN did have his doubts and questionings theologically, as many brainy young men have had and others will have. But when he grew older, and he came to face life as it is, all these things flew out of his head, as bats fly out of a darkened chamber, when the windows get open and the sunlight streams in, and in the end he became a God-fearing, God-praying, God-trusting American citizen, as we all ought to be. And especially the War of the Rebellion, as it swept forward and overwhelmed him—when Sumter fell, and Bull Run failed, and Gettysburg and Vicksburg trembled in the balance—and all History was gazing upon him—with its burdens and cares, and awful anxieties and appalling uncertainties—all this sobered and steadied him, and anchored him back upon God as the Supreme Ruler, both of men and of nations, as a like experience sobered and anchored William of Orange, and Oliver Cromwell, and George Washington, and in the end he became a ruler worthy to rank with even these. Of all the figures of our great War, ABRAHAM LINCOLN alone looms up loftier and grander, as the decades roll onward. Our great captains, with their guns and drums, "disturb our judgment for an hour, and then silence comes"—Grant, Sherman, Meade, all gone, and in a century or so Grant and Meade alone will remain. Our great statesmen—Seward, Stanton, Sumner, all these too are gone, and in a century or so Stanton alone will remain. But ABRAHAM LINCOLN still stands as some antique tower—like some old castle or great cathedral,

"With storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light"

and will forever stand, looming up loftier and grander as the centuries roll onward, beckoning us onward and upward to a higher patriotism and a loftier manhood. What an example and an inspiration for every American, man and boy, and what a hope and a joy for each and everyone of us!

Well may we say of him, as Coleridge said of that true knight of old:

"His good sword is rust,
His bones are dust,
His soul is with the saints, we trust."

Or, in the statelier lines of Alfred Tennyson on the great Duke of Wellington, when he lay in state beneath the dome of St. Paul's, while all England bowed in sorrow:

"While the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand—
Colossal, seen of every land,
And make the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands and through all human story,
The path of duty be the way to glory.

And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame,
For many and many an age proclaim,
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when our long illumined cities flame,
Our ever loyal, iron-leader's fame,
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
Eternal honor to his name.

But let us speak no more of his renown,
Lay our earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him!"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

JAMES A. WORDEN, D.D.

16



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

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COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

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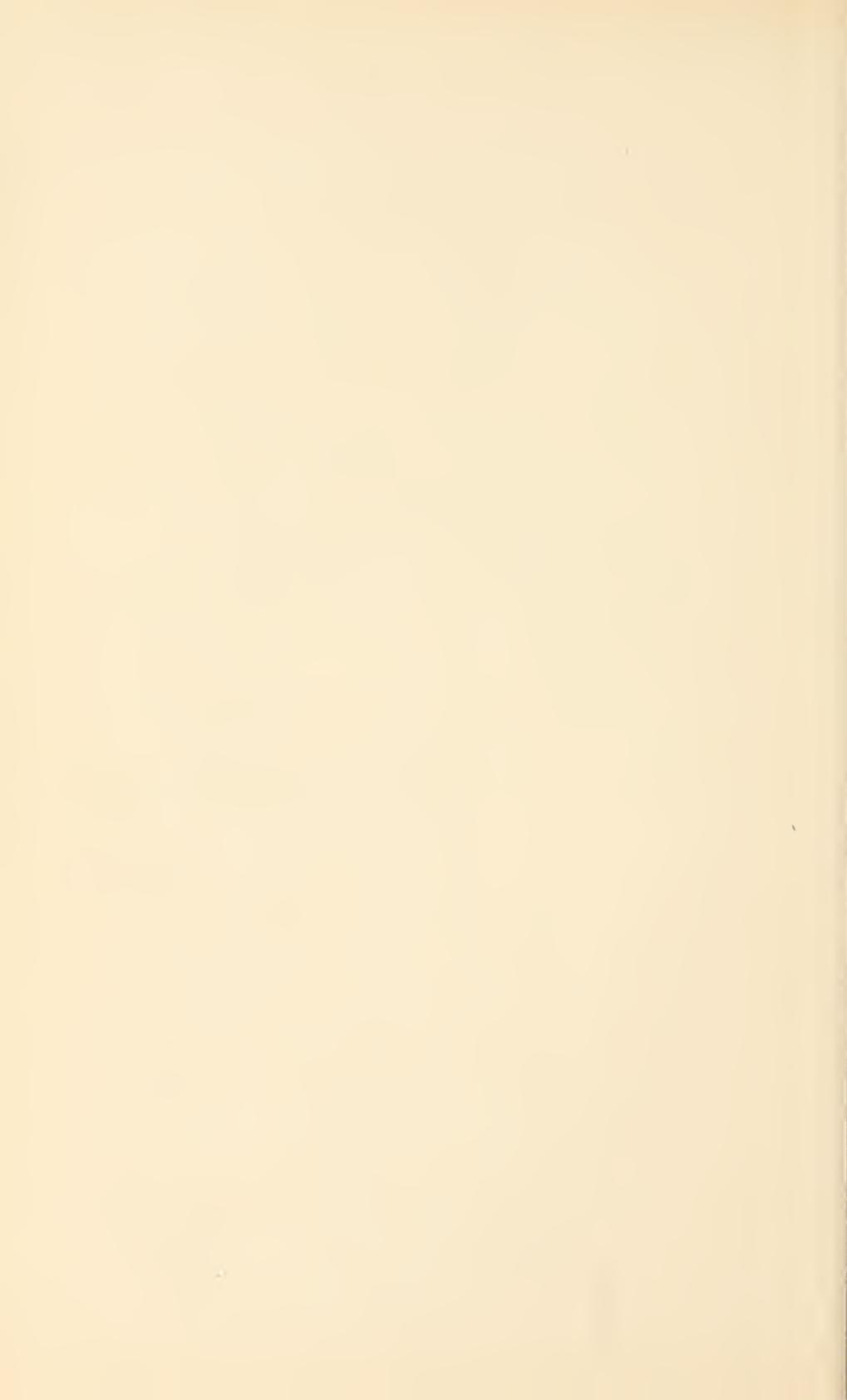
Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania
FEBRUARY 9 1916

A B R A H A M L I N C O L N
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
MARCH 4, 1861, TO APRIL 15, 1865

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin (La Rue) Co., Kentucky
Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Enrolled by Special Resolution April 16, 1865

“The Afterglow of Abraham Lincoln’s Life”

COMPANION LIEUT. JAMES A. WORDEN, D.D.



"THE AFTERGLOW OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LIFE"

BY COMPANION LIEUT. JAMES A. WORDEN, D.D.

Afterglow came as a revelation to the speaker in the far northwest in the year 1886. A July sun had gone down beyond the coast range, which stretches as a giant dyke between the Pacific Ocean and Puget Sound.

Two travelers, on their railway journey northward, had been thrilled by the sight of snow mountains of that region in the State of Washington, especially in the afternoon by the distant vision of that monarch of American mountains, Mount Tacoma, which has this peculiarity—it can be clearly seen in all its towering majesty from its base on the ocean level to its summit, which is almost three miles high.

Tired and hungry the tourists hurried to the dinner awaiting them, and then slowly strolled out to the hotel veranda. As they were without a guide, they anticipated only the sight of oncoming darkness, but were surprised at an overwhelming vision; an unearthly light was radiating from Mount Tacoma's brow, which contrasted with the gloomy shadows on the coast mountains and with the dark waters of the Sound. In the heavens, from the timber-line downward, all was hidden, but what were those strange fires raging from the top of Mount Tacoma, extending down its 3000 feet of snow? Whence the glitter as of burning pearls and opals, of diamonds and jacinths, amethysts, and all the precious stones named in the 21st Chapter of St. John's apocalypse?

Had the Kingdom of God appeared upon earth; had heaven's glory descended on the lofty peak? They stood in silent awe, for it was their first and most unobstructed vision of the afterglow of Mount Tacoma. While life and thought and being last, that mental picture shall never fade from their minds.

Nature is a mirror of the spirit world. There is a law of the afterglow in the material world, according to which the sun that has gone down beyond the visible horizon still shines on special lofty heights; not only shines, but causes that summit to radiate in colors and shades never seen on rock or snow, which gather up and purify and concentrate a myriad sublimated hues and change the clouds or rocks, ravines or cliffs with celestial illumination.

So there is a law of soul afterglow according to which, when life sinks into the ocean of the past, the light from the sun behind the sun, flaming from the

JAMES AVERY WORDEN

Private 74th Ohio Infantry October 14, 1861; Sergeant December 30, 1861; First Sergeant November 17, 1862; discharged to accept promotion February 24, 1863.

Second Lieutenant 74th Ohio Infantry February 25, 1863; resigned and honorably discharged May 21, 1863.

Chaplain of the Commandery May 6, 1903-1908; May 7, 1913-1916.

World's Creator and Lord, seemingly hiding the little facts and incidents of life, multiplies and transfigures the real experiences and struggles and aspirations of those that are gone from earth into their divine elements, and all appears as did that Holy One and just on Mount Hermon when His face did shine as the sun, and His garments became glistering, exceeding white so as no fuller on earth can whiten them.

The proof and reality of this has passed the observation of every companion of the Loyal Legion who saw and carries forever its demonstration in the chambers of imagery of his mind. There was a background to this afterglow of deeper darkness than ever gloomed on ocean or on shore, and that black night had succeeded a day of exalted gladness.

That day occurred in April, 1865, when General U. S. Grant and his invincible army of the Potomac, headed by Generals Sheridan, Hancock and other intrepid leaders, had compelled General Robert E. Lee to surrender at Appomattox. That masterpiece of generalship had ended four long years of the camping, marching, marching, trench digging, battling, praying, agonizing in long Gethsemanes which men call war, but which General Sherman called Hell. Let us reverently say all this had been finished by Jehovah of the Arnies. Northern soldiers were like those who dream, or as the Hebrew poet puts it, "Their mouths were filled with laughter and their tongues with singing."

It is a singular, a unique feature of this rejoicing that every soldier realized the near presence and fellowship of his President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Every officer seemed to have known him as an elder brother, or as an affectionate father. Had not each of them responded to his call,

"We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
By Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake
Our brother's bones beside."

Was ever gladness on earth like that of the millions of men who had warred for four years? It was too deep and too high for human expression; nothing could tell it out but the sacred music set to the highest Psalmody, "Old Hundred," and "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow." The only appropriate reply to the question, "Have you heard from Appomattox?" was "Alleluia! Alleluia!"

Patriotism and Christianity combined. Love of God was one with love of the flag. When the Union was forever preserved, free government forever maintained, and slavery forever destroyed.

Then, then one muffled pistol shot in Ford's Theatre, Washington, one shriek of anguish from a woman's voice, "They have slain the President!" One melodrama of a murderer, leaping from the box to the stage, and in the confusion escaping on horseback, the echo of whose feet were heard in the hush of the theatre.

Victory was changed into defeat; life's cup of joy into bitter death; the light of heaven into the assassination of Hell! Was ever sorrow like unto the sorrow of bronzed warriors, weeping for a trusted commander, shot down by the bullet of an assassin in his hour of supreme victory? Was ever sobbing like that of brave knights in the grief of despair? What will be the effect of all this on the army?

What is that in the sky? What is that strange light that shines with a beam that was never on sea or land or snowclad mountain? Gently it drew

weeping eyes and mourning hearts from the pale form of the murdered President. What was it? Was that Jehovah's Shechinah, which in the olden time shone in the tabernacle in the wilderness and acted as the pillar of cloud and of fire which guided Israel across the Red Sea? It was seen to illuminate the President's catafalque as it lay in solemn splendor in the White House, as it was borne amidst the lamentations of a mighty nation through Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and the great cities of our land, and as it at last deposited its precious dead in the sepulchre in Springfield, Illinois. Companions of the Loyal Legion, that was the first outshining of the afterglow of ABRAHAM LINCOLN's life.

This afterglow seemed to ensweathe the very heavens until it swept the horizon of the whole round world. It blazed in newspapers, weekly, daily; magazines, monthlies, quarterlies; editors, reporters, correspondents, all classes and conditions of writers caught its light and spread the illumination. The orations, addresses, lectures, poems, scintillated with LINCOLN's renown. Scores running into hundreds, hundreds into thousands of publications—literary, political, historical, biographical, religious—appeared with irrepressible spontaneity. Col. Nicholson declares that the number of all kinds of volumes devoted to LINCOLN in all the varied aspects of his life and achievement and characteristics number four thousand five hundred.

This in America alone, but the afterglow speedily lightened the continent and the lands beyond the ocean, merrie England, bonnie Scotland, Wales, Ireland, the sunny land of France, Germany, Switzerland and its Alps, Italy—land to memory and to freedom dear, land of the melting lyre and conquering spear; the vast Empires of Russia, China, Japan; the civilized world rejoiced in the afterglow and brought forth their memorials, chaplets, wreaths and laurels, and helped to beautify LINCOLN's memory, and it will be difficult to find a corner of the earth, the Deserts of Sahara or of Arabia, where some of its light did not percolate. The marvel of it all is that for fifty years the afterglow of LINCOLN has grown year by year:

"These echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

A still profounder wonder attended LINCOLN's afterglow. Naturally the soldiers of the Union Army presumed that from the war's very beginning they had appreciated ABRAHAM LINCOLN; had carried LINCOLN in their very hearts. Were they not well informed that he was thinking, planning, helping every general in the field; that his nights were nights of prayer for them, and especially in battle that, like Moses of old, when Israel was fighting Amalek, their commander-in-chief was on the hill of supplication?

"Still the unceasing prayer was prayed,
And still the uplifted hands were stayed."

How was it possible that the soldiers could honor or revere him more highly! His death wrought the impossible. Only the setting sun can make Mount Tacoma's afterglow. So ABRAHAM LINCOLN's martyrdom. The soldiers of the north were loyal with the loyalty of soldiers to the fame of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Thomas, McPherson, Farragut, Porter and all the heroes in the war's calendar. But the sacrifice of the martyred LINCOLN touched their inmost souls with personal sorrow and compassion—a sympathy melting their affection. It reminds one unavoidably of the Divine attraction of the Cross of Christ.

There were other millions in this land who rivaled even veteran soldiers and sailors in appreciating the afterglow of LINCOLN's life, for there were millions and millions who knew ABRAHAM LINCOLN as their actual liberator from the unspeakable anguish and humiliation of slavery, and as the fulfiller of all their prayers from generation to generation.

Companions of the Loyal Legion, our numbers are decreasing, but the numbers of those who feel grateful to ABRAHAM LINCOLN for literal freedom—the poor, tragic race of negroes—are increasing, and the depth of their gratitude their reverence and love simply passes knowledge. I am thankful to Almighty God that before his assassination PRESIDENT LINCOLN was made to feel the deep thanks of the African race. For instance, when Colonel McKaye and Robert Dale Owen, who had been sent to North Carolina to investigate the condition of the freedmen, were reporting to him how the colored people honored, revered and loved him, MR. LINCOLN was greatly touched and said impressively, "It is a momentous thing to be the instrument under Providence of the liberation of a race."

Millions of white men and women, constituting the vast majority of the inhabitants of this country, will dispute the claim of any others to feel a greater reverence and love for LINCOLN than they, will dispute the claim of any others more highly to appreciate his transfiguration by afterglow. I refer to the common people who have experienced the deep bitterness of labor all their lives. To these heavy laden toilers ABRAHAM LINCOLN comes as near as a brother, and his glory is at once a comfort and a prophecy of what they and their children shall have as their reward at last, either here or hereafter. The flashes of the afterglow most clearly reveal the story of LINCOLN's early privations, the poverty of his birth; his boyhood's life in the log cabin; his bearing the yoke of labor in his very early youth; his lack of anything like comfort in his childhood's home; the fact that in all his life he had not enjoyed more than twelve months of school. His childlike inventions to aid his reading and ciphering on the little cabin floor in front of the fireplace. And as the farmers' boys and girls see the picture of all this, only adding to the fame of LINCOLN, they love him more as a fellow-sufferer for the trials he endured.

This is why the heart of mankind is irresistibly attracted to that one of the very greatest who can be touched with the realization of their hard lot. In this day of labor and of labor struggles, LINCOLN's afterglow is hailed by all the sons of toil as the most complete glorification of labor.

We may say that ABRAHAM LINCOLN touched all forms of true life—the noble profession of law are strongly attracted toward him, who honored their calling as an honest lawyer.

True politicians recall the fact that LINCOLN entered the ranks of politicians long before he was thirty years old, not too proud to fight for the cause that to him seemed right and true, and disdaining to train in any crowd whose fellowship degraded.

Literary classes, editors, authors, poets, artists in the high art of expression look with admiration peculiar to themselves on this afterglow, for ABRAHAM LINCOLN, despite all that men call his lack of education, in his letters, addresses, State papers, proclamations, especially his second inaugural and his Gettysburg oration, approves himself to them as past grand master of the noblest, most genuine literary touch and style. This humble rail-splitter of the west, in a word,

is joined in a universal fraternity with men of all sections, callings, schools, from that of a farm hand and a flat-boatman on the Ohio and Mississippi to that of earth's sublimest leaders.

PERSONALITY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

We hasten particularly to consider this most vital element in the afterglow, and begin by asking, what does the celestial illumination tell of the character of President LINCOLN as a Statesman?

It is universally recognized now that President Woodrow Wilson, however we may differ from him in politics, is one of the very greatest historians that has written upon the development of our country. Before his elevation to the Presidency this great historian, from the thorough and lofty investigations of his study, wrote these words:

"He would be a rash man who should say he understood ABRAHAM LINCOLN. No doubt natures deep as his, and various almost to the point of self-contradiction, can be sounded only by the judgment of men of a like sort—if any such there be. It is as if nature had made a typical American and then had added with liberal hand the royal quality of genius, to show us what the type could be."

And in this connection President Wilson quoted these lines, written concerning ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

"Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes,
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame—
The kindly, earnest, brave foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil—the first American."

And adds, "It is a poet's verdict, but it rings the authentic tone of the seer, and it must be also the verdict of history."

Perhaps the most important question in this connection is, whence came ABRAHAM LINCOLN's personality and power? We sweep aside all the attempts to answer, coming from those, as Woodrow Wilson calls them, not of the LINCOLN sort. We will listen to our beloved ex-President, William McKinley, who was of like sort, and he positively affirms:

"The war had brought the people and LINCOLN to a nearer realization of our absolute dependence upon a Higher Power, and had quickened his conception of duty more acutely than the people could realize. The purposes of God, working through the ages, were perhaps more fully revealed to him than to any other. He was the greatest man of his time, especially approved of God for the work he gave him to do. History abundantly approves his superiority as a leader, and establishes his constant reliance upon a Higher Power for guidance and support."

Hear the verdict of men of like sort, repudiating all merely material development in producing our "first American." Mr. Henry Watterson, one of the greatest editors of our country, was, as I remember, a Confederate soldier, and is now, perhaps, one of the very greatest leaders in the Democratic Party, and words of appreciation from him should have every ounce of weight inherent in them.

In 1895, in Chicago, he, being somewhat of the like sort, gave this reply to the question: Whence came the greatness and power of our martyred President?

"Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surroundings; without graces, actual or acquired; without name, or fame, or official training, it was reserved for this strange being to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment and entrusted with the destiny of a nation.

"That during four years, carrying with them such a weight of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted to him in the lives and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the virtue.

"Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand struck the lyre of the Scottish ploughman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone, and as surely as these were raised up of God, inspired by God, was ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

And a thousand years hence no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells of his life and death. If LINCOLN was not inspired of God, then there is no such thing on earth as special Providence or the interposition of Divine Power in the affairs of men."

All agree that Honorable John Hay was one of the greatest Statesmen of the age, and perhaps no man knew our martyred President more intimately than he, and John Hay wrote: "LINCOLN, the greatest character since Christ."

Tolstoi, the most distinguished Russian seer and author, is known to have said of LINCOLN, "He was a Christ in miniature."

What demonstrates the literal truth of Tolstoi's words—"LINCOLN was a miniature of Christ?"

I. He, as few who have lived in the Christian centuries, embodied the essentials of the life of the citizens of the kingdom of heaven as limned for us by the Lord in his beatitudes:

1. "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven." ABRAHAM LINCOLN was sincerely humble, and, in his simplicity, sublime.

2. "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a man of sorrows for his own sins, and for the sins and sorrows of men.

3. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S one life-quest was after divine righteousness.

4. "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy." LINCOLN's life was devoted to the relief of the sufferings and wrongs of mankind.

5. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." LINCOLN carried the pure flower of a stainless life.

6. "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." One of LINCOLN'S life tasks was to bring peace to individuals, families, communities and the nation.

7. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven." ABRAHAM LINCOLN bore persecution for righteousness, even to assassination.

What the world in this time of war needs is " Peace on earth—good-will toward men."

Not only according to the four Gospels—according to Matthew, according to Mark, according to Luke, and according to John, but another, the same Gospel according to ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"I know a land that is sunk in shame,
 Where true hearts faint and tire;
I know a name—a name—a name
 Can set that land on fire.
Its sound is a brand, its letters flame.
I know a name—a name—a name
 Will set that land on fire!"



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BENJAMIN L. AGNEW, Q.C., LL.D.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL MEETING

FEBRUARY 14 1917

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Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania
FEBRUARY 14 1917

A B R A H A M L I N C O L N
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
MARCH 4, 1861, TO APRIL 15, 1865

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin (La Rue) Co., Kentucky
Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Enrolled by Special Resolution April 16, 1865

*"How the Secessionists Secured the Election of Abraham Lincoln
as President of the United States"*

COMPANION CHAPLAIN BENJAMIN L. AGNEW, D.D., LL. D.



“How the Secessionists Secured the Election of
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
as President of the United States.”

BY COMPANION CHAPLAIN BENJAMIN L. AGNEW, D.D., LL.D.

This paper might appropriately be entitled, A Revelation of the Doings of the Secession Propaganda of Beaufort, South Carolina, before the Civil War.

The 76th Rgt. Pa. Vol., of which I was Chaplain, was stationed at the Post at Hilton Head, S. C., during the first year of the War. When our troops had taken possession of Beaufort, I was very anxious to visit the town, and Surgeon Scholl and I obtained leave of absence for 48 hours for that purpose.

On the afternoon of Jan. 7, 1862, we sailed up the water ways to the captured town, 8 miles from the Atlantic Ocean, on the Steamer Boston, and we arrived there about dusk. It was rather significant that a steamer of the name of the capital of Massachusetts should take us to what we found to be the Headquarters of the Whole Secession Movement!

On Wednesday morning we found the city patrolled by a guard who had orders to arrest every person found on the streets. I obtained passes for us from Gen. Stevens to visit Beaufort, and Dr. Scholl, Mr. Harding (a refugee), and myself took an interesting stroll through the captured town.

The houses were surrounded with a great variety of trees and bushes, such as the orange, the magnolia, the oleanthus, and the finest variety of flowers.

There were no hotels in the town, but the houses of the wealthy residents were large and roomy, and nearly every house seemed to have its wine-cellars, and the residents were evidently prepared to afford their many visitors the most lavish entertainment.

As I was familiar with the name of Barnwell Rhett, as a leading Secessionist, I inquired for his home, and when shown where he lived, I went through the house and came upon a most extraordinary find.

There, on the floor of a small room on the second story, was a pile of documents and papers that would about fill a bushel basket. The drawers of a secretary and a book-case had been broken open, supposedly by slaves, and these

BENJAMIN LASHELLS AGNEW

Chaplain 76th Pennsylvania Infantry November 18, 1861; resigned and honorably discharged May 23, 1862.

papers had been thrown out into the middle of the room, as those who had opened the drawers had probably been in search of money or other valuables. Curiosity prompted me to examine the documents and I was amazed beyond measure to find that I was evidently at the Headquarters of a most important Secession Organization.

I spent the afternoon there examining the documents, and I found papers, some written and some printed, dated 30 years before the war, discussing the Constitutionality and the right and expediency of the Southern States seceding from the Union.

I found the whole Secession Propaganda seriously considered by the most prominent politicians of the Southern States, members of Congress both of the United States Senate and the House of Representatives, members of different presidential Cabinets, governors of States and other great leaders of the South.

They had four classes of Southern people to deal with. One class favored Secession from the Union and the establishment of an aristocratic Kingdom in the South with slavery as its chief foundation stone; another class wanted to perpetuate slavery, but did not think it advisable to secede from the Union as long as the Northern States would return their fugitive slaves; another class wanted to remain in the Union and to secure the Constitutional right to carry their slaves into United States Territories and into New States to be thereafter organized; and another party wanted to stay in the Union no matter what became of slavery.

Their Secession Propaganda, therefore, involved tremendous manipulations to enable the leaders to prepare the people for severing their relations with the United States government.

They saw the failure of the Old Line Whigs to elect Henry Clay President of the United States, and the gradual decline and final dissolution of the Whig Party; and they heard the roll of deep thunder all through the North, increasing as the days went by, against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the settlement of 1820; they saw the efforts to extend slavery into the territories bitterly opposed by the Free Soilers, and they saw the organization of the Republican Party in 1854, which they believed to be an Abolition Party; and then they became more desperate, and at a meeting in Barnwell Rhett's house they discussed the whole situation most elaborately. They then fully determined to break up the Democratic Convention to be held in Charleston, S. C., in 1860, as they declared, to prevent the nomination of any man by that party who could be elected President of the United States, and thereby clear the way for the election of the man who would be nominated by the new and vigorous Republican Party which they hated with a perfect hatred; and then, they said, the Southern States would be willing to secede from the Union, for they thought that after 30 years they had the South fully prepared for such decided action.

Their papers showed, furthermore, that they believed the North would not attempt to coerce the slaveholding states to remain in the Union, and that there would consequently be no war between the two sections of the country.

I regret exceedingly that I did not take possession of the Minute Book of the Secession Propaganda at Beaufort, but Gen. Viele had ordered all books taken from the family dwellings and deposited in the Public Library building for safe

keeping until the close of the war, when the families would return to their homes and want their books, and I felt that I had no right, therefore, to take possession of the Minute Book or other documents.

The last time I saw Gen. Sherman was at Gen. Grant's funeral. I had been invited to take part in the religious services at the funeral of Gen. Grant at Mt. McGregor, where he died, and in coming down to New York in the train with the family, I was seated with Gen. Sherman, and in talking over the war I asked him if he had ever seen the documents to which I have just referred and he said he had never heard of them. "Why," said he, "that is the most interesting thing I have ever heard in connection with the whole Secession movement. When I go back to Washington I will search for them among the archives and if I find them I will write to you." I never heard from him, and I have no idea what became of the documents. If any one knows where they are, he should give the world a full and accurate account of all that occurred in Barnwell Rhett's house, in Beaufort, to complete the history of the Secession propaganda.

II

We come now to consider the great strategic movement to carry out the pre-determined plan to break up the Democratic Convention to be held at Charleston.

The Democratic Convention met at Charleston, on the 25th of April, 1860. There were Delegates present from fifteen northern states and from seventeen proslavery states. Cushing was elected presiding officer and at once there began a hot discussion, which became more and more violent, as the business proceeded for the next ten days, and Browne says, Cushing "presided over the most disorderly meetings, ever gathered, for any kind of business on the Continent."

It was said that sometimes fifty people would be on the floor at once, clamoring to be heard. The Secessionists found that they could not control the convention; and after ten stormy days, the delegates from seven southern states, namely: Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina, Florida, Texas and Arkansas, withdrew from the body. The Convention then adjourned, to meet in Baltimore, on the 18th of June, two days after the Republican Convention had arranged to meet in Chicago. The Southern Delegates, who had withdrawn from the Democratic Convention in Charleston, also went to Baltimore, to exert as strong an influence as possible upon the Convention in session there, and after five more stormy days, they induced the delegates from six more southern states to withdraw from that body, namely, from Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Delaware, Maryland and Kentucky.

The remaining delegates nominated Douglas for President and Johnson for Vice-President. The delegates from the South who had withdrawn from the Democratic Convention, under the leadership of Jefferson Davis, met at Richmond, Va., and nominated Breckinridge for President, and Lane for Vice-President.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL UNION PARTY

Some Old Line Whigs had held a Convention at Baltimore, on the 9th of May, 1860, and organized "The Constitutional Union Party," and nominated Bell and Everett as their standard bearers at the next Presidential election. Bell was very popular and strongly opposed to secession. This did not suit the

Secessionists, and for that reason, they placed Breckinridge and Lane before the country, to draw away as many votes as possible from the Union Party and also from the Democratic Party.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

This convention met at Chicago on the 16th of May, 1860, and unanimously nominated Abraham Lincoln for President and Hannibal Hamlin for Vice-President, just what the Secessionists wanted.

The war was then practically on.

The Southerners were taught to believe that Mr. Lincoln was the very blackest of all Black Abolitionists, and the fires of Secession were kindled anew and they burned with a fiercer flame than ever.

THE ELECTORAL VOTE

The Presidential election in November, 1860, resulted as follows:

Douglas received 12 electoral votes.

Bell received 39 electoral votes.

Breckinridge received 72 electoral votes.

Lincoln received 180 electoral votes, making 57 of a majority of all the electoral votes for Mr. Lincoln.

According to prearrangement at the Headquarters at Beaufort, S. C., as soon as there was a hope that a Republican candidate could, or would be elected President, they began working to get every official in the government and every man of influence possible to do everything in his power to help on the Secession movement.

The Southern States began to collect all the arms, ammunition, etc., that were to be found in the United States and take them to Southern forts and Navy yards, and they took possession of nearly all our means of defense and offense in the United States. The Secretary of War sent guns of all descriptions in possession of the government to the South, and our war vessels were sent by the Secretary of the Navy to far away places where they could not be used against the South.

These men did not care what the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, had to say for he simply looked on and did nothing, and seemed to care nothing about what they were doing, and they cared nothing about what he thought, for he was simply a blooming, bungling, back-boneless old blunderer, who let them do as they pleased to carry out their plan of seceding from the Union.

The people of the South very generally believed that the men of the North would never fight to keep the South from dissolving the Union. The aristocrats of the South called us "Northern Menials and Greasy Mechanics," and they believed that, if we did fight, they could easily whip the whole northern host of plebeians with one-tenth of our number. It is said that they had already 150,000 young men under arms.

One of the prisoners that we captured near their headquarters in S. C., a captain in their Army who was wounded, said just before he died, "there must be something very wrong somewhere in the South about this war, for I never expected you would treat me so kindly as you have done, nor did I expect to find such noble, fine-looking intelligent men in the Northern Army."

III

What kind of a man was it that the Secessionists Secured to Occupy the Presidential chair in the non-seceding States?

There never was a man in all the United States who was so desperately and unreasonably hated, nor so devotedly and genuinely beloved as Abraham Lincoln.

Leonard Swett, who knew Mr. Lincoln intimately, said, "No one who knew him ever knew another man like him." His enemies have said everything conceivable against him. They despised him because "he was born in a cabin in the wilds of the mountains of Kentucky." But, listen! Does not a canary bird, born in a cabin in the Hartz Mountains, sing as sweetly as a bird born in the palace of the Emperor? Men have derided the Model Man of all nations, the Redeemer of a lost race, because he was born in a stable and cradled in a manger!

But Lincoln, they said, "was not of noble birth." But in his developed character he proved himself to be a man of true nobility, and of superlative dignity of soul, a Prince among men. True, he was without the trappings and trimmings of so called royalty, but no man born of royal blood ever displayed more royal grandeur in his great life-work than did this President of the United States. His despisers said, "He was one of the mudsills of the North who had to make his living by manual labor." Yes, his father gave him an axe when but seven years of age with which to begin even then to make a living. With that axe he helped to make his own mother's coffin! That axe was not adorned with gems and jewels either, but with that axe he learned to hew timber and split rails, and also to hew his way through all the difficulties of life, and to hew a place for himself that was unique in all respects. There, in the place he hewed out for himself, let him stand, with no man in all the land, in all respects his equal, to stand beside him.

Mr. Lincoln was a man who had good common sense. He was indeed the very personification of the common people. He thoroughly understood them, and knew exactly what they wanted, and was thereby well prepared to serve them.

People said, "he was uncouth and had no æsthetic taste." They grievously misunderstood that man from the mountains of Kentucky. He was refined in his feelings and he transfigured the common things of life into flowers and gems of distinguished beauty.

Lincoln once said to his friend, Speed, "Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."

"But," said his foes, "he was an ignorant, illiterate man unfit for any position of prominence. He was only a shyster lawyer of a backwoods town." How dreadfully they were mistaken! He proved himself to be a man with a mind sagacious, clear-visioned, penetrative, keen-scented and of sound judgment.

"But," said his foes, "he was no statesman." Ah! he was one of the brainiest of all our brainy men.

Horace Greely, certainly one of our strongest-minded editors, said of Mr. Lincoln's address at Cooper Union in New York, February 27, 1860, that "It was the very best address to which I have ever listened, and," he added, "I have heard some of Webster's grandest."

Lincoln was a man who could not be driven into a corner and kept there. This was amusingly illustrated when he was a young Captain in the Black Hawk War. Lincoln's knowledge of military tactics was naturally slight. Marching with a front of over 20 men he wished to go through a gate. "I could not," he says himself, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company endwise, so that it could get through the gate; so, as we came near the gate, I shouted, this company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate."

Mr. Lincoln was a leader always found ready for any and every emergency.

His opponents said, "He was no statesman, no politician."

What is politics? It is the science of government, and the art of governing. In that fundamental idea of politics Lincoln was one of our profoundest statesman, one of the most skilful politicians that was ever elected to the presidency of this great country.

James G. Blaine was a most consummate statesman, and he said of Mr. Lincoln that he "did not seek to say merely the thing that was for the day's debate, but the thing which would stand the test of time and square itself with eternal justice."

Gen. Grant says of Lincoln: "He was a man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others for the struggle through which the nation had to pass, to place itself among the greatest in the family of nations."

The Secessionists secured the election of this most wonderful man as President with the confident belief that the South would at once secede from the North and then establish a government that would forever conserve slavery; but he was the man above all others who could attach to himself the people of the North and the brave soldiers and sailors of the country and have them stand by him in all he undertook, and in the third year of the war, New Year's Day, 1863, he issued his immortal Emancipation Proclamation which was ultimately to banish slavery from the entire land. Before his election as President, Mr. Lincoln proclaimed distinctly that he did not wish to interfere with slavery in the States where it existed, but he held irrevocably to the decision of the Wilmot Proviso that Slavery was to be prohibited in all territory thereafter to be acquired, and that there was to be no extension of slavery beyond the boundary of the states in which it then had an existence.

After he was elected President he said positively that he did not want war with the Southern States.

In his inaugural address Mr. Lincoln said to the Southerners: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no con-

flict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it."

From this historic review we learn THREE IMPERISHABLE LESSONS:

1. It has been definitely settled that no party need even try to induce any aggregation of men to attempt to secede from this great government when such a long-prepared-for plan, by such eminently skilful politicians and statesmen as were engaged in the Secession Movement, ended in such an inglorious failure.

2. Many doubts had existed among the nations of the earth as to whether a republican or democratic form of government, wherein the people could enjoy a complete civil and religious liberty, having the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, could possibly be perpetuated. That great question has been definitely settled for all time. And,

3. We are led to believe that, as the God of our fathers raised up Abraham Lincoln in a great emergency, so he will always have a chosen leader to pilot this nation through all our national perils.

As far back as 1384 we find in the preface to Wycliffe's English translation of the Bible this peculiar expression: "The Bible is for the government of the people, by the people, and of the people." This expression has passed through many modifications until we have the immortal statement by Mr. Lincoln in his famous speech at Gettysburg at the dedication of the National Cemetery when he solemnly declared: "That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

COMPANIONS,

We of the Northland have learned to respect the bravery of the men of the Southland, and the men of the Southland have learned to respect the bravery of the men of the Northland, and the whole land had been reconstructed, reconsecrated, and re-immortalized, and it must forever stand before all nations, in a peculiar and holy sense, as "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WALTER GEORGE SMITH

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES
COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

"Experience proves that the man who obstructs a war in which his nation is engaged, no matter whether right or wrong, occupies no enviable place in life or history. Better for him, individually, to advocate "war, pestilence and famine," than to act as an obstructionist to a war already begun. * * * The most favorable posthumous history the stay-at-home traitor can hope for is oblivion."

—General Grant's "*Memoirs*," page 68, vol. 1.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

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May 15 1918

Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania
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A B R A H A M L I N C O L N
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
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Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin (La Rue) Co., Kentucky
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"The Exponent of Democracy"

COMPANION WALTER GEORGE SMITH
n

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

“The Exponent of Democracy”

By COMPANION WALTER GEORGE SMITH

COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS:

Fifty-three years have elapsed since the assassin's bullet ended the mortal life of Abraham Lincoln, yet as distance from the stirring epoch in which he lived grows greater and the mists of passion clear away, his grandeur looms more distinct and his singular excellences of character and conduct become more luminous. His memory is not only the precious possession of his countrymen but, like Washington's, it belongs to all mankind. Truly was it said as he breathed his last by that imperious man who had passed with him through the storm of civil war and had felt not infrequently the firm but gentle domination that brooked no resistance when any principle of justice was involved, “Now he belongs to the ages.” Wherever the printed page is read, in any language, his simple trenchant utterances find an echo in the minds of sound political thinkers, while poetry and legend have lifted his name to those high peaks where but few have been enthroned by the common admiration of mankind. In the forests of Paraguay, Indians wear medals bearing his image, while an English statesman appeals to his utterances as the final gospel of democratic freedom.

To the few surviving veterans of this historic Legion, men who at his call went forth to four long years of bivouac, battle and siege, every phase of his life and character has been brought home by the eloquence of orators, the writings of students, the reflections of philosophers, the ardent love of all real believers in the truths upon which the fabric of our government was woven by the fathers of its Constitution. I cannot essay to add so much as a single stone to the pyramid of glory of which he himself laid the foundations in his earnest life. It would be well nigh presumptuous to attempt eulogy with the knowledge of what has been said by the great and the humble of this man, but as we are assembled in accordance with annual custom to gather inspiration from a consideration of some aspects of his career, I thought it well to ask your attention to that which stands out from all others. He was a democrat in the truest sense of a word that is not always understood and is frequently misapplied. Indeed, it is not

WALTER GEORGE SMITH

Eligibility derived as the eldest son of Deceased Companion Brevet Major-General Thomas Kilby Smith.

Lieut.-Colonel 54th Ohio Infantry September 9, 1861. Colonel October 31, 1861; discharged for promotion August 25, 1863.

Brig.-General U. S. Volunteers August 11, 1863; honorably mustered out January 15, 1866.

Brevetted Major-General U. S. Volunteers March 13, 1865, “for gallant and meritorious services during the war.”

too much to say that outside of the peoples who speak the English tongue and have been nourished upon the principles of democracy as they have been slowly evolved during a thousand years of the world's history on that island which is the mother home of English speaking peoples, whether in this Republic, in Canada, in Australia or in New Zealand, there are few indeed who understand it. Democracy means a government based upon the consent, free and untrammelled, of all the people expressed by a majority and embodied in a political constitution which recognizes the inalienable rights of life, liberty and property of every individual within the limits prescribed by reasonable rules for the preservation of order. Such a government may be administered under the form of a monarchy as well as of a republic. It is not the form but the substance that responds to the test. A tyrannous majority may constitute a despotism even more hateful than that of a single individual. The anti-social doctrines which found expression under the name of Republicanism during the horrible years of the revolution of 1789 in France and the wild dreams of those who would set up a similar caricature of government in Russia in our own day, are accepted by the ignorant of other races and too often by those who by birth and education should know better, as democratic; but they are after all only tyranny. They deify the will of emotional and self-seeking men under the name of the commonwealth. They substitute for the moral sway of one tyrant that of the mob. Human nature in and of itself, without regard to race and tradition, is not capable of appreciating or understanding democratic government. Speak to the savage of self-control or respect for the rights of others, or for any law but that of the strongest, and you appeal to a mind incapable of grasping your thought. Nor can those who have made some advance, nay very great advance, upon the road to civilization be brought at once to realize that the stability of a community rests upon the recognition of individual rights under the law. In the sense in which the term is used among men who have inherited the English habit of thought, obviously democracy is the highest ideal towards which government can approach; and it can come only to a self-controlled people educated to an appreciation of its obligations. Those who would force democracy on a people not sufficiently intelligent to accept it, understand little of its essential requisites. To sustain it there must be a common recognition of the existence of rights equal for all men, under a system of political law springing from the common attitude towards justice. "Democracy," said Theodore Parker, "is direct self-government over all the people, for all the people, by all the people." It was perhaps an unconscious echo of this definition that caused Lincoln to use a similar phrase in his immortal Gettysburg address. His biography tells us how it arrested his attention when it first fell under his eye.

Democracy was not evolved in its highest and best sense from man made philosophies, even though they bear the name of a Plato or an Aristotle. The fatal defect in them all was the acceptance of slavery. Where slavery exists, even in its most kindly and modified form, there can be no democracy. Democracy finds its sure basis upon the Christian faith, which required supernatural revelation to bring its truth home to men, the only faith which teaches the essential equality of all human souls in the scheme of redemption. Once the Christian belief has entered into the minds of men, there follows an appreciation of the injustice of exploiting any man or any class of men, for the benefit of

others. If every human soul is so precious in the sight of God that He deemed it worthy to send his Son on earth to suffer and die that it might have the chance of salvation, then everything that puts the mark of oppression of man over man becomes a sin in the sight of their common Father.

Although Lincoln was no theologian, it would seem that from his earliest manhood this truth had become his strongest conviction. It is hard for us to realize that south of the Ohio River less than three generations ago, such sights as revolted his keen sense of justice when he saw manacled slaves for the first time, were of common occurrence; that human slavery which at first was practised in all the world was still maintained as a just and Christian institution by descendants of English men; and was abolished only at the cost of the greatest civil war of modern history. It took long years of bitter controversy to bring home to the people of the United States, intelligent and liberty-loving as they were, that in the long run there could be no lasting compromise with moral evil. The lesson now so easily learned was obscure to many self-respecting moralists until Lincoln demonstrated with his invincible reasoning that this country could not endure half slave and half free, and applied the words of our Saviour that a kingdom divided against itself must surely fall. Either the American people would go backwards into the darkness of feudal conditions, or forwards to the light. No one not a lover of his kind, no one not a democrat in the truest sense of the term, could have taken the stand which Lincoln, Chase, Seward and their competers made their own in the days when obloquy was the only sure reward to follow.

There is a vast difference between the mental processes of men such as these and of impetuous, emotional people who, seeing an evil, cannot wait until it is plucked out, no matter what may be the consequence to the good with which it is entwined. Unlike the man of the gospel who permitted the tares and the wheat to grow together until the harvest time permitted their safe separation, they would at once root out the tares, without consideration that thereby the whole harvest would be destroyed. We cannot but respect the self-sacrificing bravery of the pioneers of reform, but the government of men is a subtle and complex problem, and often the patient endurance of temporary evil is wiser in the long run than the impetuous methods of emotional leaders, with whom egotism and self complacency take the place of prudence.

Lincoln's greatness of mind was the concomitant of a patient character tried in a school of uttermost hardship. He came up from a poverty so great that no instance of history is comparable with his triumph over it. He was self-educated, and attained a perfection in the use of language which has made his writings a model of style, while his thoughts were regulated by a logical faculty which enabled him to penetrate to the heart of every problem he was required to solve. Human nature was to him an open book. The common failings of men appealed to his keen sense of humor, their sufferings aroused his continued sympathy. Too wise not to realize his own limitations, he was ever humble minded. There is no record of any word or deed to show any feeling of self-exaltation in his whole career, not even when by the sheer force of his own will he was conquered circumstances and took his place among the rulers of the earth. At this crisis in the world's history, there is much to be gained in pondering on what he was and on what he did. Everywhere the great principle of democracy is on trial.

Boldly challenged by the military despotism which wields the united power of Prussia and her vassals, should democracy fail in the present war the harvest of centuries of struggle will be lost. The war of the rebellion tested the power of democracy to overcome the cancerous growth of slavery, but the work of Lincoln and his associates was to save the Union. Upon its maintainance depended the success of the experiment of democratic self-government upon a larger scale than had ever been attempted before. The work succeeded largely because of his steadfast belief that it was a work not of aggrandizement for individual or nation, but because it was a work essentially of justice.

We have waxed rich and prosperous as a people because of the tenacity which Lincoln showed and the support that was given him by the soldiers in the field and the masses at home. We are now in danger because we have forgotten the lessons of experience. We shall be saved by recurring to the principles for which Lincoln stood. It is not by material wealth nor by shirking sufferings that nations survive. The whole civilized world watched but did nothing while the forces of tyranny and reaction girded themselves for a half century to conquer and rob it. Those nations which professed the democratic faith forgot that the blessings of free government do not come like light and air without struggle; that all gifts and blessings are accompanied by corresponding responsibility. We Americans have allowed ourselves to trifle with the ideals of our ancestors. Immersed in the pursuit of the means, we have forgotten the end. Stealthily and surely, selfish schemers have laid their yoke upon ignorant voters, while the natural leaders of the community have held aloof from public affairs. Great municipalities have fallen under the control of men whose first thought has been for themselves. The sudden shock of war has shown the weak spots in our polity. Three years have passed since the atrocious attempt to enslave the modern world began in the Austrian attack on Servia and the German on Belgium. We were slow to realize that our duty and our salvation as a nation combined to require us to use our every resource to resist these assaults on every principle of justice and international law. We saw our citizens slaughtered, our flag insulted, our dignity outraged, and had to make a choice between the loss of honor and the acceptance of war. Even in the midst of the hardships which have resulted from accepting the issue, we can rejoice that at last we have set our feet upon the right path and have not lost by cowardice the rich heritage that has come to us from the wisdom and bravery of other generations. Can we doubt what would have been the attitude of Lincoln had he lived in this generation? We are told by Herndon that as late as 1856 after the Bloomington Convention in Illinois had adopted a declaration against the pro-slavery Nebraskan legislation, when Lincoln had made a speech so great that the emotions of the reporters overcame them and they dropped their pens to follow his words, his fellow citizens of Springfield were so cold there was but one besides Herndon and Lincoln himself who had the courage to attend a ratification meeting. To those two men he spoke these words: "While all seems dead, the age itself is not. It liveth as sure as our Maker liveth. Under all this seeming want of life and motion, the world does move, nevertheless. Be hopeful. And now let us adjourn, and appeal to the people." Thercin spoke the great exponent of American democracy. Undiscouraged by the apathy and timidity of his friends and neighbors, he was content to wait until the full force of the truth which that

little group represented should come home to the apprehension of the people, and then his faith in their ultimate sense of justice left him confident of their decision.

It may be that the growth of population, the undigested mass of foreign immigrants, the unhappy prejudices handed down by tradition against one of the allied nations, make it even more difficult for the truth of the present issue to reach to the masses of our people; but human nature has not changed since Lincoln's day, and we see from hour to hour the irresistible power of public opinion crystallizing against the arch enemy of democracy and Christian civilization. As of old the prophet spoke so we may now say, "Woe to thee that spoilest, shall not thou also be spoiled? And dealest scornfully, shall not they also deal scornfully with thee? When thou shalt cease to spoil, thou shalt be spoiled; when thou shalt be weary, and make an end to deal scornfully, they shall deal scornfully with thee." Isaiah 33-1.

When Lincoln delivered his great speech accepting his nomination to the Senate, on the 17th of June, 1858, it was in the face of the protest of most of his political friends. He read it to them before delivery and in reply to their comment he answered: "Friends, this thing has been retarded long enough. The time has come when all these sentiments should be uttered; and if it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth—let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right." Often as it has been quoted, let us listen again to this passage: "'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it to cease to be divided—it will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward until it becomes alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

Under the providence of God the nations of the earth in our day are closely joined by common interests. The subjection of the forces of steam and electricity have brought them together in some degree, even closer than were the States of the Union when Lincoln uttered his prophetic words. It is not now chattel slavery which divides opinion into two hostile camps but, as it has been phrased, autocracy on the one hand and democracy on the other. Through centuries of alternate victory and defeat, the democratic philosophy of government has slowly asserted itself. Misunderstood, misapplied, abused and distorted as it has been by shallow philosophers and fanatical sciolists, it stands the hope of mankind. As Lincoln said: "It is the eternal struggle between these two principles, right and wrong, throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says 'You work and toil and earn bread and I eat it.' No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to destroy the people of his own nation to live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle."

The life of Lincoln will be always associated in the minds of the American people with that of his great and gifted rival, Douglas. From their young manhood these two men were in constant association and their talents placed them each at the head of a great party. We can see clearly now what Douglas did not see, that the issue of slavery was a moral issue and could not be compromised. The unerring instinct of Lincoln saw what Douglas could not see, with all his gifts. In paying tribute to the breadth and democratic spirit of Lincoln, let us not forget the lesson to be drawn from the glorious sunset of Douglas's disappointing life. When he had witnessed the inauguration of his great rival, he realized that the storm of civil war was really about to burst. He hastened back to Illinois and there addressed the legislature on the 25th of April, 1861, in language which went to the heart of his followers and sent thousands and thousands of recruits to the Union armies. Hear his words: "When hostile armies are marching under a new and odious banners against the government of our country, the shortest way to peace is the most stupendous and unanimous preparation for war." Two months afterwards at the age of 48 his life was ended, but for four years more through storm and strife, the friend and rival whose triumph he had witnessed and to whose support he gave his dying efforts, steered the Ship of State until it finally reached the harbor of safety. The same spirit of devoted and unselfish patriotism will be the salvation of our republic in these modern days, however great may be the trials through which it must pass. The sacred traditions obscured perhaps for a time, present themselves with renewed force in our own troubled days.

The singular breadth of Lincoln's democracy is of course exemplified in his attitude towards the central controlling question of his time, slavery and the preservation of the Union. On the one hand he had to deal with the extreme pro-slavery men who defended the institution, not alone on grounds of expediency and justice, but on that of religion; on the other hand, the extreme abolitionists who would willingly have seen the disruption of the Union rather than compromise with the abhorred evil. In his fine tribute at the Centennial celebration in New York, Lyman Abbott shows the appreciation of the undercurrents of human nature which distinguished Lincoln in dealing with these extreme views. No one should have doubted his moral antipathy to the system, and his poignant sympathy with its black victims. In speaking of the position of the negro in the senatorial contest, he said:

"All the powers of the earth seem rapidly combining against him. Mammon is after him, ambition follows, philosophy follows, and the theology of the day is fast joining the cry. They have him in his prison house. They have searched his person and left no prying instrument with him. One after another they have closed the heavy iron doors upon him and now they have him, as it were, bolted in with a lock of a hundred keys which can never be unlocked without the concurrence of every key—the key in the hands of a hundred different men and they scattered to a hundred different and distant places; and they stand musing as to what invention in all the dominions of mind and matter can be produced to make the impossibility of his escape more complete than it is."

Yet, Lincoln harbored no bitterness towards the slaveholders. He thought, "They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them, they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us,

we should not instantly give it up." So he contented himself with his first and certain cure,—a cure which would have worked itself out, we cannot doubt, had not the sword of civil war cut the disease from our political system by its quick and cruel surgery. "No further extension of slavery on American soil," was the one principle on which he was inflexible.

Even in the midst of a world war, in the contemplation of which our civil war, prodigious as it was in its theatre of action and its consequences, becomes dwarfed, we can but look forward to the grave problems that are to follow its cessation. That the democratic peoples of the earth will never submit to any but an effective and just peace, is not possible. But when German aggression is overcome and the military caste is humbled, the world will be a vastly different world than that we knew before the fatal days of 1914. None can grasp the possibilities of what may follow the changed attitude of society towards social and economic questions. Reverence for our most sacred constitutional ideals has already given place in many minds to a sympathy open or latent for socialistic theories of the State's function, and these theories are themselves the product of German philosophy and the reaction against German practice. The inevitable consequence of the disintegrating effects of class selfishness is State management of the great industries on which the physical well being of society depends. Men value liberty, but in the long run they will sacrifice liberty if they think thereby to gain security. There will be necessary for the reconstruction of industrial peace, vital adjustments between the forces of capital and labor which should be allied and which are antagonistic. Here again the beneficent thoughts of Lincoln make his democratic ideals show the path of endeavor. I borrow from Dr. Abbott two quotations which are typical. In a letter to the Workingmen's Association of New York, he wrote:

"Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights which are worthy of protection as any other rights, nor is it denied that there is and probably always will be a relation between capital and labor producing mutual benefits. The error is in assuming that the whole labor of the community exists within that relation....There is not of necessity any such thing as the free, hired laborer being fixed to that condition for life. Many independent, everywhere in these States, a few years back in their lives were hired laborers. The prudent penniless beginner in the world labors for wages a while....and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all—gives hope to all, and consequent energy and progress and improvement of condition to all."

How sincere was his advocacy of this theory will appear from his statement of his humble beginning. "I am not ashamed to confess that twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer, mauling rails, at work on a flat boat—just what might happen to any poor man's son. I want other men to have a chance—and I think the black man is entitled to it, in which he can better his condition—when he may look forward in hope to be a hired laborer this year and the next work for himself and finally to hire men to work for him. This is the true system..... Thus you can better your condition, and so it may go on and on in one ceaseless round so long as man exists on the face of the earth."

The growth and development of corporate enterprises, the magnitude of the work which in our modern civilization requires the system and combination that can be attained only through corporate effort, have obscured the importance of the individual. But corporations are made up of individuals, and the individual sense of justice sooner or later brings about a system of checks and balances which are measured by the force of what the community believes to be right. There can be no real prosperity based upon an unjust system, and that which fails to protect the individual in the enjoyment of his rights under the law will sooner or later go the way of the discarded lumber of the past. There is no easy way to meet the complicated problems of modern society, which become more complicated as population and wealth increase, but the spirit in which they are approached can be educated and is not more difficult of apprehension now than when the foundations of the Republic were laid. As it was grasped and assimilated by the Western lawyer meditating over his labors, whether of the hand or the head, in those years of his preparation to be the pilot of democracy, it can be grasped and assimilated by any open-minded man today. It is not drawn from any mysterious theory, but from the compelling doctrine first taught by Him whose sinless years were "breathed beneath the Syrian blue."

The doctrine embodies principles of justice and charity so simple that a child may understand it and so profound that without it all the efforts of human wisdom must come to naught. It is written large in every great act of Lincoln's life.

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